THE CANADIAN
# METHODIST MAGAZINE.
*OCTOBER, 1881.*

## PICTURESQUE CANADA.

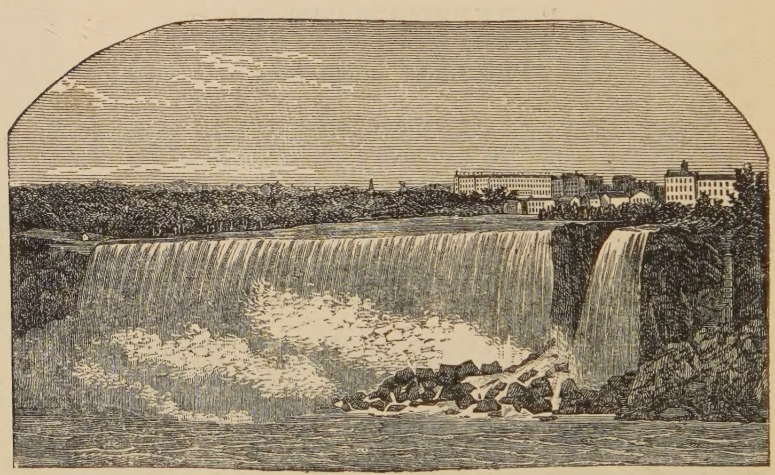
### THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

THE HORSE-SHOE FALL—FROM BELOW.

IF any jaded sight-seer wishes to enjoy a new sensation, we would advise him to make the descent into the "Cave of the Winds" at Niagara Falls. It was one of the most exciting adventures the present writer ever experienced. Having duly feed the attendant, one is shown into a dressing-room, where he completely divests himself of his clothing, and assumes a flannel bathing-suit. No oil-cloth or india-rubber covering will answer here—one becomes as wet as a fish in his native home. One

puts his watch and money in a tin box, which he locks and fastens the key to his girdle. A straw hat is tied firmly on the head, and felt sandals on the feet, to prevent slipping on the rocks or wooden steps.

Now, accompanied by a sturdy guide, we go down a winding stair, from whose loop-holes we catch glimpses of the cliff rising higher and higher as we descend. We are soon at the foot of the stairway, and follow a beaten path over the broken *débris* which, during immemorial ages, has formed a rocky ledge at the base of the cliff. We at length reach the grand portal of the "Cave of the Winds." It is a mighty arch, nearly a hundred and fifty feet high—one side formed of overhanging cliff, and



The American Fall—from the Canada Side.

the other of the majestic sweep of the fall. The latter seems like a solid wall of water many feet thick, glossy green at the top, but so shattered and torn near the bottom that it is a snowy white. Beneath this portal we pass. A long, steep stairway, covered with a green confervoid growth, leads down into a dim abyss of spray and deafening noise. Now the benefit of the felt sandals is felt; without them we would assuredly slip and fall. Firmly clinging to the arm of the guide, we go down, it seems almost into the heart of the earth. Great fragments of the seething cataract—not mere drops, but what seem to be solid *chunks* of water, rent from the main body—are hurled down with catapult-like violence, upon our heads. The air is filled

with blinding spray. It drives into our eyes, our ears, and our mouth, if we open it. A deep thunderous roar shakes the solid rock, and upward gusts of wind almost lift one from his feet. A dim light struggles through the translucent veil. All communication is by pantomime—no voice could by any possibility be heard—and often the guide has almost to carry his charge through this seething abyss.

Pressing on, we cross galleries fastened to the face of the cliff, and bridges springing from rock to rock; and clambering over huge boulders, gradually emerge again to the light of day. And what a scene bursts on the view! we have passed completely behind the falling sheet—not the main fall, of course, but the one between Goat and Luna Islands. We are right at the foot of the cataract, enveloped in its skirt, as it were, and drenched by its spray. Clambering out on the rocks, we can pass directly in front of it. When the gusts of wind sweep the spray aside, we get dazzling views of the whole height of the snowy fall, poured, as it were, out of the deep blue sky above our head. Only the glowing language of Ruskin can depict the scene. We can "watch how the vault of water first bends unbroken in pure polished velocity over the arching rocks at the brow of the cataract, covering them with a dome of crystal twenty feet thick —so swift that its motion is unseen, except when a foam globe from above darts over it like a falling star; and how, ever and anon, a jet of spray leaps hissing out of the fall like a rocket, bursting in the wind, and driven away in dust, filling the air with light; whilst the shuddering iris stoops in tremulous stillness over all, fading and flushing alternately through the choking spray and shattered sunshine."

Unable to tear myself away, I let the guide proceed with the rest of the party, and lingered for hours entranced with the scene. I paid for my enthusiasm, however, for I became so stiff from prolonged saturation in the water that I had to remain in bed all next day.

Scarcely inferior in interest to the falls, are the rapids above, as seen from Street's Mill, on the Canadian shore, or from the bridge to Goat Island or the Three Sisters. The resistless sweep of the current, racing like a maddened steed toward destruction, affects one almost as if it were a living thing. This is still more striking as we stand on the giddy verge where rose, like a lone

sentinel, the Terrapin Tower. For a moment the waters seem to pause and shudder before they make the fatal plunge.

"Still do these waters roll, and leap, and roar, and tumble all day long; still are rainbows spanning them a hundred feet below. Still, when the sun is on them, do they shine and glow like molten gold. Still when the day is gloomy, do they fall like snow, or seem to crumble away like the front of a great chalk cliff, or roll down the rock like dense white smoke. But always

TERRAPIN TOWER, HORSE-SHOE FALL—FROM AMERICAN SIDE.

does the mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from the unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid, which has haunted this place with the same dread solemnity since darkness brooded on the deep, and that first flood before the deluge—Light—came rushing on creation at the Word of God.

"Stable in its perpetual instability; changeless in its everlasting change; a thing to be 'pondered in the heart' like the revelation to the meek Virgin of old: with no pride in the brilliant

hues that are woven in its eternal loom: with no haste in the majestic roll of its waters: with no weariness in its endless psalm—it remains through the eventful years an embodiment of unconscious power, a living inspiration of thought, and poetry, and worship—a magnificent apocalypse of God."

But unquestionably the grandest view is that of the Horse-shoe Falls, either from the remains of Table Rock or from the foot of the fall. Here the volume of water is greatest, and the vast curve of the Horse Shoe makes the waters converge into one seething abyss, from which ascends evermore the cloud of spray and mist—like the visible spirit of the fall.

The following fine lines of Dr. Dewart describe not inadequately the deep emotions that thrill the soul in presence of this sublime vision:

While standing on this rocky ledge, above
The vast abyss, which yawns beneath my feet,
In silent awe and rapture, face to face
With this bright vision of unearthly glory,
Which dwarfs all human pageantry and power,
This spot to me is Nature's holiest temple.
The sordid cares, the jarring strifes, and vain
Delights of earth are stilled. The hopes and joys
That gladden selfish hearts, seem nothing here.

The massy rocks that sternly tower aloft,
And stem the fury of the wrathful tide—
The impetuous leap of the resistless flood,
An avalanche of foaming, curbless rage—
The silent hills, God's tireless sentinels—
The wild and wond'rous beauty of thy face,
Which foam and spray forever shroud, as if
Like thy Creator, God, thy glorious face
No mortal eye may see unveiled and live—
Are earthly signatures of power divine.
O! what are grandest works of mortal art,
Column, or arch, or vast cathedral dome,
To these majestic footprints of our God!

Unique in majesty and radiant might,
Earth has no emblems to portray thy splendour.
Not loftiest lay of earth-born bard could sing,
All that thy grandeur whispers to the heart
That feels thy power. No words of mortal lips
Can fitly speak the wonder, reverence, joy—
The wild imaginings, thrilling and rare,

Which now, like spirits from some higher sphere,
For whom no earthly tongue has name or type,
Sweep through my soul in waves of surging thought.
My reason wrestles with a vague desire
To plunge into thy boiling foam, and blend
My being with thy wild sublimity.
As thy majestic beauty sublimates
My soul, I am ennobled while I gaze—
Warm tears of pensive joy gush from my eyes,
And grateful praise and worship silent swell,
Unbidden, from my thrilled and ravished breast;
Henceforth this beauteous vision shall be mine—
Daguerreotyped forever on my heart.
Stupendous power! thy thunder's solemn hymn
Whose tones rebuke the shallow unbeliefs
Of men, is still immutably the same.
Ages ere mortal eyes beheld thy glory,
Thy waves made music for the listening stars,
And agents paused in wonder as they passed,
To gaze upon thy weird and awful beauty,
Amazed to see such grandeur this side heaven.
Thousands, who once have here enraptured stood,
Forgotten, lie in death's lone pulseless sleep;
And when each beating heart on earth is stilled,
Thy tide shall roll, unchanged by flight of years,
Bright with the beauty of eternal youth.

Thy face, half veiled in rainbows, mist, and foam,
Awaken thoughts of all the beautiful
And grand of earth, which stand through time and change
As witnesses of God's omnipotence.
The misty mountain, stern in regal pride,
The birth-place of the avalanche of death—
The grand old forests, through whose solemn aisles
The wintry winds their mournful requiems chant –
The mighty rivers rushing to the sea—
The thunder's peal—the lightning's awful glare—
The deep, wide sea, whose melancholy dirge,
From age to age yields melody divine—
The star-lit heavens, magnificent and vast,
Where suns and worlds in quenchless splendor blaze—
All terrible and beauteous things create
Are linked in holy brotherhood with thee,
And speak in tones above the din of earth
Of Him unseen, whose word created all.

It was on a bright sunny day in January that I had my first winter view of the Falls of Niagara. I had often seen them

before, gleaming like a sapphire in the emerald setting of the spring, or relieved by the rich luxuriance of the leafy summer tide. I had beheld their beauty crowned with the golden glory of the autumn, each peak and crag and islet flaming like an altar-pyre with the brilliant foliage of the trees, more beautiful in death than in life, vari-coloured as the iris that spanned the falling flood. I had seen them flashing snowy white in the fervid light of noon; glowing rosy red when the descending sun, like the Hebrew, smote the waters and turned them into blood;

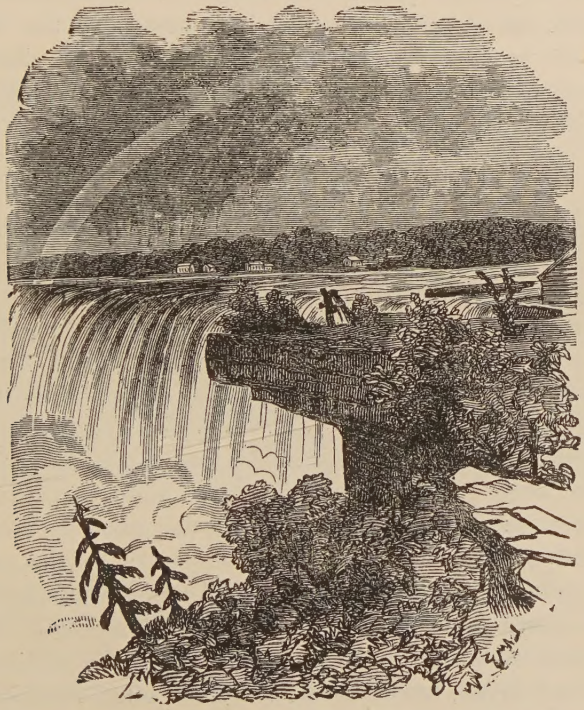


TABLE ROCK, HORSE-SHOE FALL—FROM CANADA SIDE.

glancing in silvery sheen in the moon's mild light, and gleaming spectral and ghastly, like a sheeted ghost, in the moonless midnight. But, as seen with their winter bravery on, richly robed with ermine, tiaraed with their crystal crown, and be-diamoned with millions of flashing gems, the view seemed the fairest and most beautiful of all.

Niagara has as many varying moods and graces as a lovely

woman, and ever the aspect in which we see her seemeth best. Hence, we always approach with new zest, and study her separate beauties with fresh enjoyment. She does not reveal her true sublimity, nor impart the secret of her witchery at once, but only on prolonged acquaintance. There is a majestic reticence about nature in this theatre of her most wonderful manifestations. There is, sometimes, even a feeling of disappointment at first sight. This is owing to the vast sweep of the Falls, over half a mile in breadth, which diminishes their apparent height. It is only when we have constructed a scale of comparative admeasurement, and especially when we have descended the cliff over which the mighty river hurls itself, and, standing close to its foot, look up and see the hoary front of the vast flood, falling out of the very sky, as it seems,

"Poured from the hollow of God's hand,"

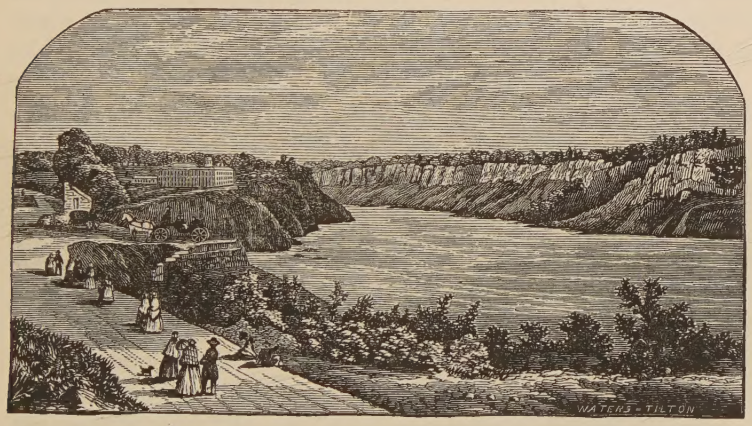
that an adequate sense of its immensity bursts upon us. Then its spell of power asserts itself, and takes possession of our souls.

Being shod with a pair of sharp iron "creepers" to prevent slipping on the icy crags, I descended the successive flights of steps in the face of the cliff, which lead down to the foot of the Canadian Fall. These steps, constantly drenched with spray, were thickly encrusted with ice, as was also the surface of the rock, which flashed like silver in the sun. A couple of negroes, however, were cutting foot-holds in the slippery pathway; so that there was no difficulty in making the descent. Every tree and bush and spray, the dead mullein-stalks by the path, the trailing arbutus hanging from the cliff, the leafless maples and beeches cresting its height, were all encased in icy mail. Through the crystal armour could be distinctly traced the outline of the imprisoned dryad, bowed to earth by the often fatal weight of splendour which she bore. Like the diamond forest of the Arabian tale, the grove above the Fall flashed and glittered in the sunlight, an object of incomparable beauty.

The rocky wall towered far overhead, and overhung the pathway many feet, creating a feeling of undefinable dread. Indeed, the vast overhanging ledge, part of Table Rock, fell with a horrid crash, in 1863; and other portions have since been removed by the Government engineers—one mass of two thousand tons in a single blast. Amid the *debris* and giant fragments of these Titanic

rocks, now covered many feet deep beneath mounds of ice, and fringed with icicles, looking like stranded icebergs in an Arctic sea, runs the pathway to the edge of the great Fall.

The overarching rock was thickly hung with thousands of glittering pendants, where the water percolated through the strata, or fell over the cliff. Nearer the Fall, these became larger and longer, till, meeting the icy stalagmites rising from the ground, they formed crystal columns, often several feet in diameter, sometimes having the appearance of a pillared colonnade. The ice is generally translucent, or of a pearly white, but is sometimes stained with a yellowish tinge by the impurities of the soil.



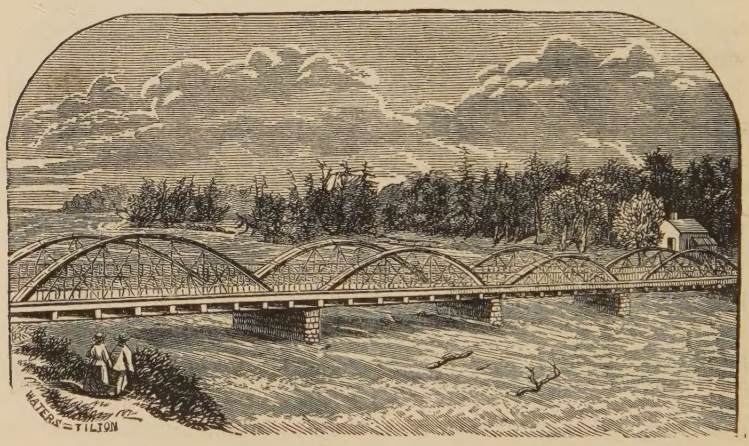

River Niagara—Below the Falls—from the Canada Side

These stalagmitic formations assume the most grotesque and varied forms. One I observed, which strongly resembled a huge organ, the burnished pipes shining in the sun, while posterior rows of icy columns completed the internal analogy. Others were strikingly suggestive of marble statuary. One recalled the beautiful figure of Bailey's "Eve," but as if covered with a snowy mantle, half-concealing and half-revealing the form. In others a slight exercise of the fancy could recognize veiled vestals and naiads of the stream, with bowed-down heads, in attitudes of meditation or of grief. Here a "lovely Sabrina" was rising from the wave; there a weeping Niobe, smitten into stone, in speechless sorrow mourned her children's hapless fate. Here writhed Laocoon in agonies of torture; there Lot's wife, in attitude of

flight, yet in fatal fascination, looking back, was congealed in death forever.

Other ice-formations were arched like a diamond grotto, built by frost-fairies in the night, begemmed with glittering topaz, beryl, and amethyst, and fretted with arabesque device, more lovely, a thousand fold, than the most exquisite handiwork of man.

As we approach the edge of the great Horse-shoe Fall, the ice-mounds become more massive, the path more rugged, and gusts of icy spray forbid further progress. We stand before a mighty arch, forty feet in width, and one hundred and fifty feet high, one side composed of the overhanging cliff, the other of the



The Bridge Leading to Bath and Goat Islands.

unbroken sheet of falling water. It is well-named the Cave of Thunders. The deafening roar fills the shuddering air like an all-pervading presence, and shakes the solid rock. With its voice of many waters, Niagara chants its mighty and eternal psalm, deep to deep loud calling.

Great quantities of ice, of course, are carried down the river from Lake Erie, and go over the Falls. I beheld several huge cakes thus descend. So great is the height that they seem to fall quite slowly, and at first to hang almost poised in air. When the river below is running full of ice, sometimes a "jam" occurs at the narrowest part; and when the cold is intense, it speedily "takes," or becomes firmly frozen. Sometimes, however, several

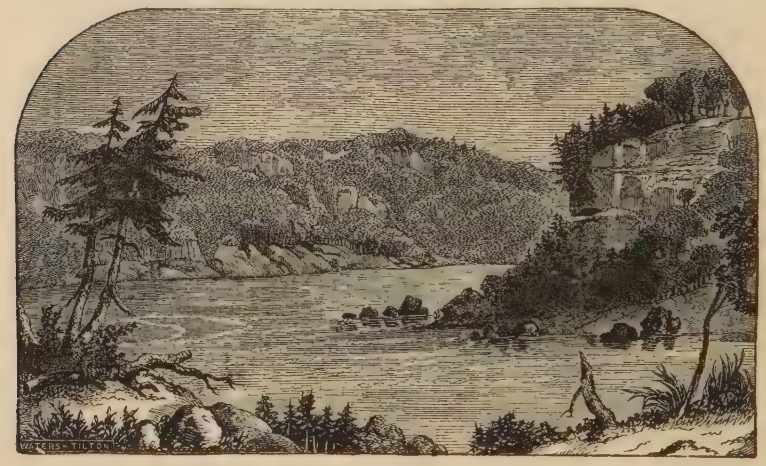
winters pass without the formation of an ice-bridge. When it does occur, as was the case the winter of my visit, the accumlation of ice fills up the river to near the Falls, where the strength of the current forces the floating ice under and over the previously formed barrier, till the latter attains a thickness, it is said, of as much as a hundred feet. The ice is piled up in huge dykes, ridges, mounds, and barriers, in the wildest confusion. Where a "shove" has taken place, a long, smooth wall remains on the side next the shore. Where a "jam" has happened, a long ridge or towering mound of fractured ice (sometimes great tables tilted up at all angles) is formed. Frequently deep crevasses or radiating cracks are formed by the upward pressure of the ice forced underneath the great sheet. The appearance of the surface is like that of a stormy sea suddenly congealed at the moment of its wildest rage.

It was very hard work clambering over the rugged ice-blocks, sometimes disappearing from the sight of a less courageous friend who watched me from the shore, as a boat disappears in the trough of the sea; but the view from the middle of the river well repaid the trouble. In front stretched the whole sweep of the Horse-shoe Fall, whose mighty flood is so deep where it pours over the precipice, that it retains its glassy greenness for some distance down the abyss. Nearer at hand, to the left, was the American Fall, of greater height, but of vastly less volume. The glistening sheen of its sun-illumined front, broken immediately to dazzling spray, recalled the inspired description of those glorious garments, "exceeding white as snow; so as no fuller on earth can white them." Almost directly overhead, that wire-spun, gauze-like structure, the new suspension bridge, 1268 feet long, the longest in the world, seems almost to float in air at the dizzy height of two hundred and fifty feet above the seething flood. Below stretched the gloomy gorge through which rushes the rapid torrent, betraying its resistless energy in the foam-wreaths forming on its chafing tide, like

> "The speechless wrath which rises and subsides
> In the white lip and tremor of the face."

At its narrowest part, two miles below the Falls, it is spanned by the fairy-like railway suspension bridge—a life-artery along which throbs a ceaseless pulse of commerce between the Dominion

of Canada and the United States of America, the two fairest and noblest daughters of brave old England, the great mother of nations. Unhappily a deep and gloomy chasm has too long yawned between these neighbouring peoples, through which has raged a brawling torrent of estrangement, bitterness, and sometimes even of fratricidal strife. But as wire by wire that wondrous bridge was woven between the two countries, so social, religious, and commercial intercourse has been weaving subtle cords of fellowship between the adjacent communities; and now, let us hope, by the recent treaty of Washington, a golden bridge of amity and peace has spanned the gulf, and made them one in brotherhood forever. As treason against humanity is that spirit to be deprecated that would sever one strand of those ties of



The Whirlpool, Niagara.

friendship, or stir up strife between the two great nations of one blood, one faith, one tongue! May this peaceful arbitration be the inauguration of the happy era foretold by poet and seer—

> "When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled
> In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world!"

While I was musing on this theme the following fancies wove themselves into verse, in whose aspiration all true patriots of either land will, doubtless, devoutly join:

> As the great bridge which spans Niagara's flood
> Was deftly woven, subtle strand by strand,

Into a strong and stable iron band,
Which heaviest stress and strain has long withstood;
So the bright golden strands of friendship strong,
Knitting the Mother and the Daughter land
In bonds of love—as grasp of kindly hand
May bind together hearts estranged long—
Is deftly woven now, in that firm gage
Of mutual plight and troth, which, let us pray,
May still endure unshamed from age to age—
The pledge of peace and concord true alway:
Perish the hand and palsied be the arm
That would one fibre of that fabric harm!

One striking phase of the Niagara river is often overlooked—the Whirlpool, three miles below the Falls. Its wild and lonely

NIAGARA—LOOKING TOWARDS LAKE ONTARIO—FROM NEAR QUEENSTOWN HEIGHTS.

grandeur is wonderfully impressive. The river here turns abruptly to the right, forming an elbow, and as the waters rush against the opposite banks, a whirlpool is formed, on which logs, and human bodies, have been known to float many days. The river in the centre is estimated by the engineers to be eleven feet and a half higher than on each shore.

Through the Whirlpool Rapids the tortured river chafes and frets between the rocky cliffs, like a huge giant tugging at its chains, till at last it glides out in a broad and placid stream at Queenston Heights, crowned to the left with the lofty monument

of Canada's favourite hero, Major-General Sir Isaac Brock. Broad smiling farms, and peach and apple orchards, stretch away into the distance, and adorn every headland on either side. The full-tided river rolls on in might and majesty, and pours its flood into the blue unsalted sea, Ontario, which, studded with many a sail, forms the long horizon. Few lands on earth can exhibit a scene more fertile or more fair, or one associated with grander memories of patriotism and valour.

---

## AT JESUS' FEET.

BY G. M.

O Son of man! O Son of God!
Whose faltering feet the winepress trod,
I faint beneath the tempter's power,
Be with me in the midnight hour!
I know not how thy love can see
Aught lovable or good in me.
But thou art Christ the Crucified,
And I believe "the Love that died!"

I know not by what charm divine
Thou comfortest this heart of mine,
But well I know that on thy breast
My wearied spirit findeth rest.
And so, toilworn, heartsick, and sore,
I come to thee, when toil is o'er,
And from thy Christ-love pure and deep
Thou "givest thy beloved sleep."

O Son of man! O Son of God!
Whose sacred feet life's ways have trod,
Let all my life an offering be
Of loving service wrought for thee!
And when I sleep in some lone grave,
This prayer of thee in faith I crave,—
When angels sing thy glorious sway,
And earth abashed doth melt away,
Let the first whisper of thy name
Make my dry ashes glow again!

# A NIGHT ON MOUNT WASHINGTON.

BY PROFESSOR W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D.

Franconia Notch, White Mountains.

The Americans were a long time discovering the White Mountains. Not exactly discovering them, it is true, for they are seen in the horizon of New England from afar, the massive form of Mount Washington towering above all its neighbours. But though the hills were known to exist, nobody thought of exploring them. The inhabitants of a new country have no time to fall in love with the picturesque. The battle with the forest and the soil is too hard and too universal to admit of picnic excursions in pursuit of the sunrise and sunset. And sooth to say, if you wish to see beautiful sunrises and sunsets in New England, you do not need to go very far for them. The verandah of the frame house, or its bedroom window, will in most cases afford admirable opportunities for feasting the eyes on these glories of the sky.

It is little wonder, therefore, that for the greater part of two centuries the White Mountains, and Mount Washington, their king,

were virtually unknown. As for Red Indians, it is, perhaps, unfortunate that there are none thereabout. If they had been the grand old Indian names would, no doubt, have been continued for the mountains, as they have been, over all America, for the rivers. What is the result? Why, that the old names are discarded, and these hoary veterans, that carry us back into the dim ages of the geological past, are now distinguished from one another by nothing better than the few modern names that America delights to honour. There is Mount Adams, and Mount Franklin, and Mount Jefferson, and so forth, and towering, of course, above them all, Mount Washington. We cannot say we like the choice. It seems to stamp littleness where nature has given majesty, and to cover the memorials of the mighty past with the memories of yesterday. In some great mountain pass you see on the rock the evident mark of glacial action, and you are carried back in imagination to the far distant age when ice reigned in hoary majesty over the whole region. When you learn that the mountain bears the name of Jackson, or Webster, you seem to have found the step between the sublime and the ridiculous.

It is less than a hundred years since Mount Washington, which the Indians called Agiochook, received its present name. It is little more than half that time since the first footpath was made to the summit. About twenty years ago, a path for carriages was completed. In 1866 a railway was begun, and completed in 1869. The height of the mountain is 6,293 feet, some five hundred more than any of the adjacent hills. There have been hotels on the top for about thirty years, occasionally blown down by storms. The present hotel, "Summit House," dates from 1872.

If the Americans made little of the White Mountains during the early period of their history, they have amply compensated their early neglect by what they make of them now. The district is now traversed by railways, bringing the tourist as near to the mountains as the nature of the country allows. Where the railway cannot be built, or rather where it has not been built as yet, stage-coaches supply its place. Hotels, accommodating four or five hundred guests, have been run up at various convenient points of the district, reached either by the railway or the road. Very often these hotels, with their annexes and offices, are the only houses within reach of the railway station. If you see

"Fabyan," or "Crawford," on the map, do not flatter yourself that it is a city or even a town, or village, with houses, stores, and other institutions surrounding. It is simply Fabyan's, or Crawford's house or hotel, with its environments. And notable houses they are, indeed, to be found in the heart of what was recently a wilderness.

What is rare in America, the waiters are all young women. A glance is enough to show that though acting now in a menial capacity, they do not belong to a menial class. Their faces are intelligent, their manner smart and self-possessed, their fingers lithe, and usually adorned with jewellery. Who are they? Daughters of New England farmers, who have no intention of devoting their lives to service, but have come here for a season to see a little of the world, and in a few weeks will return to complete their education, or begin life in a different way. The faces were intelligent, the style of work purpose-like, and the bearing of the girls evinced thorough self-respect. At meals the *salle-à manger* is arranged in tables placed crossways along either side of the room, with places for a dozen at each. A manager in chief receives you at the door, and assigns you your table and place. The bill of fare is as ample and varied as in the best city hotels, and you order whatever you like. The girl in waiting receives your order, and quickly your dishes are planted around you. That is to say, your minor dishes are ranged around your principal one—your butter, potatoes, tomatoes, peas, turnip, squash, or whatever else of vegetable produce you have called for, make up a little solar system around the central dish of beef or mutton, till, under your exertions, the whole system is annihilated, and the next course begins. For liquor, the carte offers you wines and liqueurs manifold, but they are seldom called for. Ice water is almost the only tipple. The hotel has a bar, hid away in some out-of-the-way corner, which gentlemen inclined thereto may find and frequent as they please. But women and children are for the most part teetotalers, and thus upper American society is secured one element of purity; women are not wine-bibbers, and however much they may be interested in their eating, drink water only.

Fabyan's is the most convenient point for the ascent of Mount Washington, the very summit of which, or tip-top as they call it, may be reached by railway. You may rise from your chair in

the hotel, step across the platform into the car, and with a single change of cars, step out six thousand feet and more above the level of the sea. The first five or six miles are along the level, and present no feature of much interest. When you reach the "base" station you change into the mountain car. It is much the same as an ordinary American car, accommodating probably fifty passengers. In ascending the Rigi, in Switzerland by rail, you are placed with your back to the top, but in ascending Mount

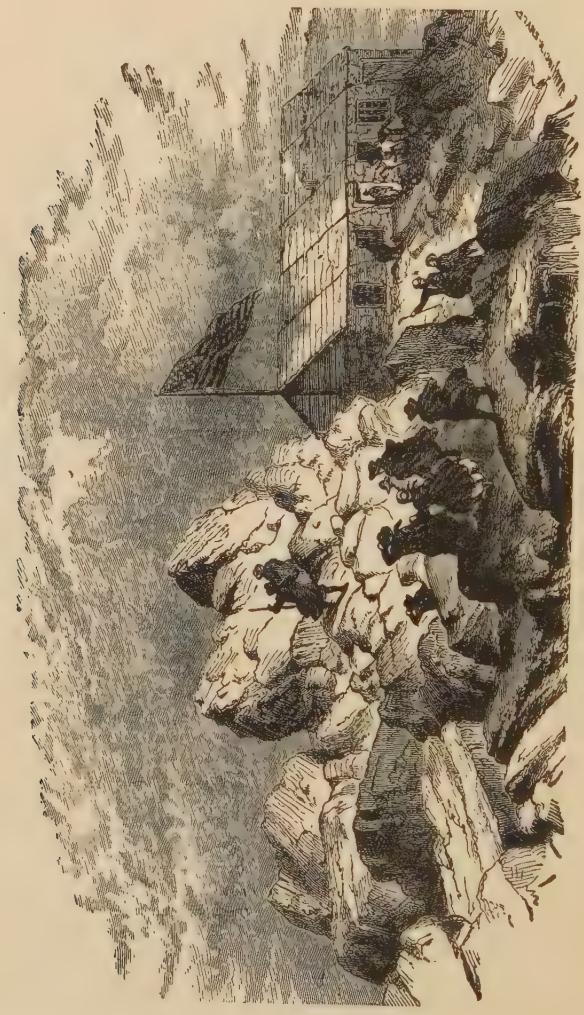
Mount Washington.

Washington, you sit in the usual way. The engine is behind and pushes you, and in descending it is in front, arresting the motion. The principle on which the engine works is the same as at the Rigi—there is a notched rail midway between the ordinary rails, into which a cog-wheel from the engine fits. The rate of motion is about three miles an hour. At first the noise of the cog-wheel is loud and disagreeable, but in a few minutes you get used to it. And as you proceed a miracle could hardly produce a more remarkable sensation. Above you, you see the road mounting over a huge precipice, and by some strange, wizard-like power, you are swiftly and steadily borne up. Round a curve you see an airy fabric—slender iron trestles standing with outstretched limbs over a yawning gulf. Without a moment's fear

or hesitation, your vehicle passes over the gulf, and you are safe on the opposite side. Puff, puff, puff, and still the word is Excelsior, and as you look backwards you see what a height you have reached. There are no passenger stations, as at the Rigi, along the line, for the best of reasons—that there are no inhabitants on the mountain side. But twice, we think, the train stops that the engine may be watered. The conductor is obliging, allows the passengers to get out and scatter themselves a little along the mountain-side. You are gazing on the view below, when your attention is arrested by a hissing noise from above. Can you believe your eyes? You look up and see certain of your fellow-creatures sliding down the rail at a velocity of fifty miles an hour. You find that they seat themselves on a little sled that fits on to one of the rails, and you are told that when their course is unimpeded they can traverse the whole distance, from summit to base in four minutes. The sled is furnished with a drag, and in the present instance the vehicle had to be pulled up before they reached our train. Anything more mad-like than the dashing course of the men in full swing you could hardly imagine. Broken bones or broken heads sometimes occur, but to one thoroughly able to manage his sled, and gliding without interrupton from top to bottom, the motion, beyond doubt, is most delightful.

The afternoon has been clear and sunny, and our view of the surrounding country is glorious, though the mountains are much less crowded than around the Rigi, and the whole scenery much less grand and varied. As we ascend, the vegetation becomes manifestly more Alpine. The trees are reduced to pine, and the pine becomes dwarfed and scraggy, and finally disappears. The rocks become rugged and irregular, as if they had hard times in the wintry ice and snow. We are yet eight or ten hundred feet from the summit, when we become distinctly conscious of a whiff of vapour. Perhaps it is from the engine? No, it is too extensive for that, and now it seems to envelop us as if a vapour-bath had been part of the programme. It is impossible to resist the conclusion, that we are caught in a fog. And as the sun is to set in a few minutes the conclusion is but too apparent that we are likely to be baulked of our expected view. We do not despair, however. We remember a similar journey up the Rigi, two years before, when we reached the top in a storm, and could not see the one end of the Kulm Hotel from the other. Great was

our delight on that occasion when, in an instant, the fog disappeared, and a clear bar in the sky, between the clouds and the horizon, gave the sun a splendid opportunity to gild the whole



Tip-Top House, Mount Washington.

amphitheatre of mountains, and disappear in a perfect blaze of glory.

But no sunset was to be seen from the summit of Mount Washington to-night. The whole body of the American tourists rapidly made up their minds to that, and as soon as they

had registered their names and secured their rooms, abandoned themselves to disappointment and to supper. It seemed to one of my party and myself that for once we might get an advantage over the Yankees, and by superior 'cuteness see the sun set after all. We remembered it was very near the summit that the mist had come on, and that a short walk would bring us into a clear atmosphere again. So, while the Americans were at supper, we stole down by the carriage road, and in some twenty minutes were below the mist. The summit of the mountain hid the sunset proper, but not far off we could easily see the clear sky, the clouds flushed with red, and the bright green valleys below. It was no drawback that the atmosphere around us was still charged with vapour, which would come rushing along in occasional whiffs. The optical illusions that presented themselves between the light and the dark were very curious. We would observe clear silvery lakes reposing in perfect stillness where no lakes had ever been seen before; or, a bright river would be seen wandering among the mountains, all the more remarkable because the want of streams was what we had remarked as their most conspicuous defect in the daylight view. While still wondering what it could all be, our surprise reached a climax on our observing a splendid blaze as if of electric light streaming out in silver lines from a single spot. By-and-by the riddle was solved. It was patches of the sky we had seen, of that white, shining, pearly hue you often see half a hour after a bright sunset. The dark clouds through which these white patches shone completed the illusion.

Retracing our steps, we were soon enveloped anew in impenetrable mist. As we neared the hotel another illusion was seen that reminded us of the Hartz Mountains. Right above our heads a gigantic human figure was observed, six times the size of an ordinary man. It moved its huge legs like one of the old giants, and waved a lantern with its enormous arm. But as it neared us, each step diminished its bulk one-half, and when at length it passed, it was but our own size—an ordinary Yankee coachman going down to the stable to look after his horses. It was not difficult to account for the phenomenon—particles of mist acted as magnifying-glasses under the light from the lantern, hence the gigantic figure of the man. When we reached the hotel we found that our disappearance had caused some anxiety,

and that opinion was divided as to whether or not we had fallen over a precipice. The most anxious of our friends, however, had been soothed by being told that the road was so plain that we could not be lost unless we had been bent on committing suicide.

It was the beginning of August, and down below people could hardly bear the lightest clothing; but it was cold atop, and the hotel at the top was heated as if it had been the depth of winter. With the first streak of dawn we were at our window, delighted to find that, saving an occasional whiff from the north, the mist had disappeared, and that there was the prospect of a full view of the sun. In a short time a bell rang loudly, and before five o'clock the platform in front of the hotel showed all the variety of impromptu toilettes usual on such occasions. Nothing could have been finer than the dawn. While silver was stealing over the sky, a puff of mist, as it rolled up from a neighbouring valley, would suddenly glow with a bright red flush, and as suddenly pass away. By-and-by the sky showed its brightest tints of blue and green, and the clouds their richest crown of gold. Then, on the edge of the horizon, came a speck of dazzling ruby, expanding with provoking rapidity into a slender red bow, then into a spotless semi-circle, and finally a globe of molten gold. All round, the sea of summits was bathed in the tender pink of an Alpine dawn, patches of cloud gleamed on the mountain sides like masses of opal, and below, the valleys shone out in their freshest green. in a brief half-hour, the glory was over. The sun and clouds had become common-place, the poetical appetite of the spectators was satisfied, and a new appetite gave signs of great activity, for every one was asking when would breakfast be ready ?

Of course there are all sorts of souvenirs of Mount Washington to be had by those who care for them. The only one that particularly took our fancy was the daily newspaper. It was truly characteristic of America to print a daily newspaper there, and to draw particular attention to the fact that it is the only daily paper in the world printed on the top of a mountain. *Among the Clouds*, as it is called, cannot lay claim to any extraordinary amount of originality. The news is limited to a record of the weather at the signal station on the previous day, last night's arrivals at the hotel, and a few notes from the adjacent tourist stations. Such sublunary matters as the presidential contest, or the war in Afghanistan created little or no interest so far above

the surface of the earth. The life of the paper is limited to two months of the year; hotel-keepers and railway companies use it for advertising; beyond that it must be content to be reckoned a curious toy.

There are three ways of getting down from Mount Washington; first, by the railway, which most of the visitors preferred; second, by a stage-coach, along a road which winds over a shoulder of the mountain, reaching "Glen House" after an eight miles' ride; and thirdly, by the same road on foot. Two of us preferred the last of these methods, while another of our party took a place on the coach. Nothing is more surprising to English tourists than the want of inclination for walking shown by Americans. As far as we could learn, there was but one pedestrian besides ourselves. The coach had a fair complement of ladies and gentlemen. It was provided with three pairs of horses, not for the descent, but for the upward or return journey—six handsome greys that looked quite stylish. By-and-by we came to a part of the road where a great smash had evidently occurred recently among the trees. An American gentleman told us that a month before, the coach had been upset at that spot, a lady killed, and two or three other passengers seriously wounded. "How was it possible," we asked, "to upset the coach at such a place?" "I believe sir," said the informant, "the coachman was drunk."

The first half of the descent is over a very rough part of the mountain, and one needs to be careful as to apparently "near cuts." We saw one that was very tempting, cutting off a long acute angle; but the mountain was so rough, and the brushwood so scraggy that it cost us quite as much time as the regular road, and double the labour, besides tear and wear of boots and other garments. Lower down the path is very beautiful; it passes through an avenue of trees, as if you were traversing an English park, only after a time it becomes somewhat close and monotonous. "Glen House," where the descent terminates, is one of the most celebrated of the White Mountain hotels, and shows the same kind of company as we left at Fabyan's.*

From Glen House to Glen Station, the nearest point you can

* In the fall of 1878, we followed the same route as Prof. Blaikie. We think he has scarcely done justice to the magnificent scenery of the upper part of this road—immense gulfs, and gorges of wildest desolation, which are really quite Alpine in their sublimity.—Ed.

strike the railway, is a distance of fifteen miles. Over this space you may travel either by stage-coach or by private conveyance. We chose the stage. An American stage is a curious combination of mediævalism and the latest improvements. The latest improvements consist of Saratoga boxes—huge wooden trunks, in which American ladies carry about their very valuable and varied supply of dresses. To accommodate these the coach is made large, lumbering, and heavy. Inside are two seats, as in the old mail-coach, but as they are at a considerable distance from each other a third seat may be introduced between, having the effect of making the other seats close and uncomfortable, and subjecting the whole inmates to the risk of suffocation. Outside there is room for only four passengers. Six strong horses are needed to draw the ponderous vehicle up hill and down dale. The roads are none of the smoothest, and, as the coach is not set on springs, but only suspended by huge leather belts, the jolting is absolutely heart-breaking, and something like sea-sickness is a common result. For the most part the road lies through forest, and it would be always beautiful if it were not just a little monotonous. For miles upon miles no human habitation can be seen. But there is not a spot that is not worth looking at, and now and again you get glimpses of wooded mountain and winding valley on which the eye loves to linger, and which photograph themselves on the memory.

At Glen Station you may get into the railway and drive through some of the most beautiful scenery of the White Mountains, including the celebrated Crawford Notch, returning to the Fabyan House. The "Notch" is a valley, some twenty miles in length, through which a little river, the Saco, makes its way, while the mountains rise on either side, from the very edge of the stream to the height of two thousand feet. At one place the opposite rocks come within twenty-two feet of each other. The gorge is full of beauty, and here and there small mountain streams tumbling into it give rise to beautiful cascades, but during the warm tourist season these unfortunately are generally empty. The railway winds through the Notch, and as open cars are provided on this part of the line, the traveller gets an excellent view, if he can contrive to keep himself from being blinded by smoke and cinders from the engine. Of the very few houses that meet the eye, one called Willey House has a tragical interest. More than

fifty years ago an avalanche descended from the mountain, burying the whole Willey family, nine in number, who had fled from the house for safety. If they had remained they would have avoided their dreadful fate; a rock above the house split the avalanche, and the house escaped and is there to this day. The railway brought us back to Fabyan's, exactly twenty-four hours after we had started. The "round," as they call it, is very interesting, and gives an excellent idea of the White Mountains.

## SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

UNANSWERED yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart these many years?
Does faith begin to fail; is hope departing,
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer:
You shall have your desire sometime, somewhere.

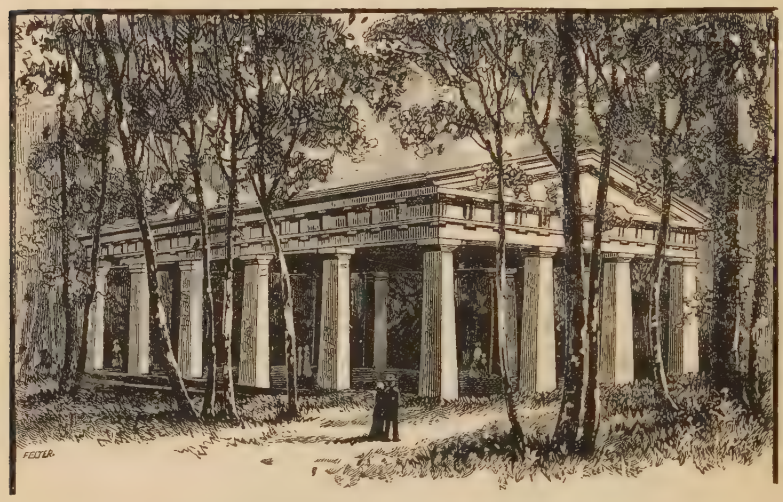
Unanswered yet? Though when you first presented
This one petition at the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So urgent was your heart to make it known.
Though years have passed since then, do not despair;
The Lord will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted;
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done.
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,
And God will finish what He has begun.
If you will keep the incense burning there,
His glory you shall see, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered,
Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock;
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And cries, "It shall be done," sometime, somewhere.

—*Robert Browning.*

## CHAUTAUQUA—"OIL-DORADO"—AND THE IRON CITY.



HALL OF PHILOSOPHY, ST. PAUL'S GROVE, CHAUTAUQUA.

THE Chautauqua idea was well illustrated by a sort of dramatic allegory, which was represented on one of the closing nights of the Assembly. Two steamers sailed out on the lake—one symbolizing the principles of Chautauqua, bearing transparencies inscribed: "Holy Bible," "Education," "Faith, Temperance, and Intelligence," "Liberty and Truth," "The Seven Graces," etc.—the other, symbolizing the principles it opposed, bearing such mottoes as "Skepticism," "Ignorance," "Tyranny," "Alcohol," "Ingersollism," etc. These hostile ships forthwith began to pour into each other a rapid fire of rockets and Roman candles. Soon the infidel ship was silenced, its transparencies were darkened, and it sheered off into the gloom of night. The conquering vessel blazed with coloured lights, the band played a triumphant strain, the Jubilees sang, "You shall gain the victory," and a cross of fire surmounting a beautiful flag, announced the triumph of truth over error—of religion over infidelity.

This was not merely a scenic display. It was the symbol of a mighty fact. Chautauqua seeks to combine all the influences of mental culture, art, science, literature, and, above all, of

religion, in a crusade against ignorance, skepticism, and sin. Strange as is the paradox, the grandest part of Chautauqua is the part that is not there—the many thousands of workers and students scattered over this great continent, toiling often in isolation and loneliness, at their task of self-education, and looking for inspiration and impulse to Chautauqua. The engraving at the head of this paper shows the very centre of the great Chautauqua circle, whose periphery is sweeping, ever wider and wider, over the land and beyond the sea. This modest hall of philosophy is destined, we augur, to have a fame akin to that of the school of Plato, in the leafy grove of Academus. Here the morning lectures in philosophy and theology are given. Here the learned doctors discuss the weighty themes of "fixed fate, fore-knowledge, and free-will." Here is the famous mythical "Round Table," at which gather the councils of the C. L. S. C. This is, indeed, the very heart which sends the pulses of life and energy to every member of that great organization.

Two of the new developments of Chautauqua are the School of Theology and the Young Folks' Reading Union, which link it on the one side with the highest thought and learning of the land, and on the other, with the ingenuous youth of the country. The latter, especially, has our sympathy and best wishes. By furnishing sound, wholesome, attractive, and instructive reading, and wise and kindly guidance, our young people will be brought into affinity with the beautiful and true and good, and will be saved from the mental enfeeblement and moral pollution of weak, foolish, and pernicious reading.

Canadian visitors to Chautauqua will find it a very interesting episode to make the run down the beautiful Allegheny Valley, to the busy city of Pittsburg. We know no trip which combines at once greater beauty of scenery, historic interest, and variety of manufacturing industries. The beauty of Chautauqua Lake and its surrounding hills are in themselves a very great attraction. Though only seven miles from Lake Erie, its level is 726 feet higher, or 1,454 feet above the sea. It is the highest navigated water on the continent. Though so near the watershed of the great lakes and the St. Lawrence, its waters flow into the Allegheny, Ohio, Mississippi, and Gulf of Mexico, after a devious journey of over two thousand miles.

Proceeding southward by rail from Lake Chautauqua, one soon

enters the most remarkable oil region in the world. Titusville, Tidioute, or Oil City, will be good points from which to explore the wonders of this "Oil-dorado." No commercial enterprise ever exhibited such remarkable fluctuations as this oil business, and in none have such vast fortunes been made and lost in so short a time. In 1859 Colonel Drake first "struck oil" in Venango County. Since then 6,000 wells have been sunk in an area of 20,000 acres. In that time the oil trade has grown from infancy to be the rival of the wheat, cotton, and iron trades. For a time, indeed, Oil was king, and his subjects were infected with a perfect craze of speculation. Rock oil is now a commercial necessity of every nation. It is conveyed across Syrian deserts by caravans of camels. It climbs the mountains of Abyssinia and dispels the darkness of the Tartar's wandering tent, and is the chief illuminator used in Europe. The fluctuations of the trade have been disastrous In 1864 crude oil sold at $13 a barrel at the wells. In 1874 it sold for 65 cents. In 1861 the "Empire Well" flowed 3,000 barrels a day. Much of this ran into the adjacent stream, swelling it into a river of oil, and was completely lost. At present, 4,000 wells yield an average of eight barrels a day. The 6,000 wells have cost $24,000,000, most of which has been absolutely lost. The oil yielded up to May, 1876, was seventy-nine million barrels. This quantity would fill a canal 1,400 miles long, ten feet wide, and six feet deep. The barrels, closely packed, would cover 10,260 acres. Placed end to end they would extend 40,264 miles. They would require 560,000 cars, or a train 13,000 miles long to convey them. At the present reduced price it would be worth $300,000,000. More than half of this has been sent to foreign countries.

The traveller in the oil regions will be struck with the network of iron pipes which everywhere meets his eye. These silent agents accomplish what in the early years of the trade was done by a host of profane teamsters, or a stream full of crashing barges. The pipes are of wrought iron, from two to four inches in diameter, and convey the oil from the wells to the immense storage tanks along the line of railway. One of these pipes is forty-eight miles long. Their entire length is over 4,000 miles and their cost over $7,000,000. The tanks are huge wrought iron structures, one of which will hold 40,000 barrels.

Much of the oil is conveyed to the seaboard or to distant

refineries in iron railway tanks, which look like elongated engine boilers. Miles and miles of these can be seen on the great trunk lines. Specially constructed tank vessels have been employed for the ocean carriage of the oil, but it is mostly conveyed in stout barrels. In the manufacture of these barrels, which must be of the best character, vast numbers of men are employed.

The landscape of the oleaginous belt is thickly dotted with oil towers—no hill too steep, no hollow too deep for a monument to the glory of petroleum. The huge iron tanks of the pipe lines arrest the eye at intervals, and their conduits branch over the ground to every point of the compass.

The traveller obtains glimpses of well-to-do-settlements, may-hap located in a bituminous coal field, where the grimy throats of black diamond mines gape from the heights above, with trains of flat or hopper cars loading at the tipples, indications of the activity of the trade in the staple of the region. Or again, the route lays through primitive forests, with benches of lime and sandstone, and ribs of ore and coal veins cropping from their rugged sides. Here, in the midst of the virgin wilderness, the tourist catches sight of the tall chimney stacks of iron works, and the fiery mouths of blast furnaces, giving evidence of the enterprise of the iron workers.

Once in a while, at a picturesque bend of the river, or in some wild locality in the hills, innumerable derricks and puffing engines mark the site of newly-discovered oil territory.

The consolidated city of Pittsburg—the great iron, steel, coal, and glass mart of America—has a population of 170,000 inhabitants. It is situated at the confluence of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, which form the Ohio. It occupies the point of land at the junction of these streams—the site of Fort Du Quesne—around which were waged some of the most desperate conflicts of the struggle between France and Great Britain for the possession of the broad continent. In its name is perpetuated the memory of the great English statesman, who won for England her vast Indian and Colonial Empire, and who plucked victory from a powerful foe on every sea and in every zone. On the banks of the Ganges and on the banks of the Ohio, on the forts of the Gold Coast and on the ramparts of Louisburg, at the pass of Ticonderoga and on the heights of Quebec, the red cross flag waved triumphantly. In the Indian

seas, on the Spanish Main, on the Atlantic, and on the Pacific, Britain's fleets were everywhere victorious. Senegal, Goree, Guadaloupe, Canada,—her fairest colonial possessions were wrested from France. At Lagos, at Quiberon, on the bloody field of Minden, and on the Plains of Abraham, Britain's sailors or soldiers won new renown. "We must ask every morning," said Horace Walpole, "what new victory there is." The name of William Pitt, the great Commoner, through whose genius these victories were won, is worthily commemorated by this busy city, which guards forevermore the great gateway of the west.

The most striking view of Pittsburg is that from the summit of "Mount Washington" by night. This is a steep hill rising abruptly from the banks of the Monongahela to a height of between four and five hundred feet. One is drawn on an inclined railway up the steep face of the cliff, at an angle of thirty-five degrees. From the summit there bursts upon the view one of the most extraordinary views we ever beheld. Far below lies the city, with its hundreds of street lamps, and scores of iron furnaces and glass factories, belching forth from their many chimneys volumes of flame and lurid smoke. One of these furnaces we visited. The scene at night has a strangely uncanny and eerie appearance. The vast foundry is dimly lighted by a few gas jets, and the smoke-blackened beams are seen faintly outlined against the deep shadows of the roof. When all is ready, the clay-stopper of the roaring furnace is removed, and instantly a stream of molten metal, like liquid fire, bursts forth, scattering its scintillations on every side, illuminating the whole scene, bringing into strong relief against the deep Rembrandt-like shadows the bronzed forms of the hardy Vulcans who preside over the Plutonic process.

But this metal is only cast-iron—hard, brittle, unmalleable. To convert it into wrought, or malleable, iron, it must be "puddled," in order to get rid of the carbon, silicon, phosphorus, and sulphur which give it its brittle character. This work is assigned to brawny athletes, who work naked to the waist, before an intensely heated furnace, kneading and rolling the pasty masses of iron, sixty or eighty pounds weight. These masses are at length withdrawn, and squeezed, and consolidated by a "masticator," which rolls and chews them in its ponderous iron jaws, as an alligator would some dainty morsel. They are then

beaten into ingots beneath the ponderous Nasmith steam hammer, which can crack a nut or forge an anchor as desired ; or they are rolled into long red hot ribbon bars, rods, or rails.

Our most striking adventure was a descent into a coal mine. Jumping into one of the "dilleys," or trains of empty coal-waggons, it was drawn by a wire rope through a long tunnel, so low that we had to duck our heads to avoid contact with the roof. Coming out to open air, we were drawn up a long and steep incline to the mouth of the mine. "Now," said the dilley driver, "give 'em express speed," and we rolled on a down grade to the heart of the mine—further and further from daylight, till we were nearly a mile from the entrance, with three hundred feet of rock above our head. We were now dragged by mules still further, and then had to trudge through mire and water to the diggings at the end of the mine.

Only now had we time to look around and observe our surroundings. Our guide and the miners, who looked in the dim light like grimy gnomes, had little oil lamps fastened to the front of their hats, and a flask of oil attached to their belts. The roof, of shaley slate, was so low that we had to stoop in walking, and was supported by columns of coal, or by wooden posts—the latter often covered by a white fungus. The voices of the workmen sounded faint and hollow in the distance, and we could not help speculating on the unpleasant consequences of losing one's way in the dark. The coal is laboriously drilled, blasted, and picked out with mattocks, and dragged by mules or by a wire cable to the mine's mouth. The chief danger is the falling of the shaley roof. Our guide was once buried under five tons of it. But fire-damp and choke-damp sometimes lie in wait for the adventurous miner, to strangle or mangle out his life. In coming out of the mine the cars were full of coal, and we had to cling to the precarious foothold of the brakes. Even these did not furnish room for all, and one of our party had to find his way out on foot by the light of a flaring lamp. When we reached daylight we each thought the other much in need of soap and water, and we mutually concluded that while a mine was an interesting place to visit it was an excellent place to leave.

Yet this mineral wealth is the secret of the manufacturing prosperity of Pittsburg. Besides the vast quantity locally consumed—and one foundry used the whole output of the mine we

visited—acres of coal barges were waiting for sufficient water to float them down to Cincinnati and St. Louis. The river had only a foot depth of water. We saw horses dragging barges up the stream. We *did* hear the remark that sometimes the river was so low that steamers had to carry sprinklers to lay the dust. These flat-bottomed stern-wheelers will float in very shallow water, and we heard of one mythical craft that, if there were a heavy *dew* on the grass, could run across the prairies.

With some difficulty we found the remains of the old fort—planted by the English, captured by the French, re-captured, after disastrous defeats, by Washington, and attacked again and again by Indian war-parties. It was while marching with an army of 2,200 men to attack this fort that Braddock, in 1755, was signally routed—the spot, a few miles from the city, is still called Braddock's field. We found amid a rookery of old buildings a brick block-house loop-holed for musketry, whose thick solid walls must have been impregnable to anything but cannon. In digging the foundations of a new foundry, on the site of the fort, some workmen had just found a quantity of human bones, probably those of French or English soldiers. One of these we brought away as a memento of the great conflict for the possession of the continent.

## GRAPES AND THORNS.

We must not hope to be mowers,
And to gather the ripe gold ears,
Until we have first been sowers,
And watered the furrows with tears.

Is it not just as we take it—
This mystical world of ours?
Life's field will yield, as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or flowers!

—*Alice Carey.*

# "THE POPE, THE KINGS, AND THE PEOPLE."*

BY THE REV. SAMUEL P. ROSE.

I.

In one of his most brilliant essays, Lord Macaulay has said: "There is not, and there never was on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church." This statement is justified by the careful study of the two portly volumes, the title of which gives the caption to the present paper. In 1877, the Rev. William Arthur, gave to the world what many will doubtless regard the crowning and most valuable achievement of his useful and labourious life. The volumes of which we speak are the result of many years' patient research. Not satisfied with painstaking and toilsome investigation, Mr. Arthur spent several years upon the Continent, and not a little time in Italy itself, that he might gather materials for the work before us.

Previous books coming from his pen and bearing on similar topics, prepared the world to receive this latest production as the work of a master. Nor can there be any room for disappointment. These volumes are a full and satisfactory demonstration of the somewhat startling proposition announced on the title page. The author's own view of the gravity of his task is well set forth in the preface, "Nothing but a conviction that the movement here traced is of an importance for which ordinary terms are not an adequate expression, would have justified me, in my own view, in giving to the study of it years of a life now far advanced. If the authors of the movement are not deceived, the generations that will come up after I am no more will witness a struggle on the widest scale, and of very long duration, during which will disappear all that to us is known as modern liberties, all that to Rome is known as the Modern State, and at the close of which the ecclesiastical power will stand alone, presiding over the destinies of a reconstituted world. Not at all believing in the pos-

* "The Pope, the Kings, and the People. A History of the movement to make the Pope Governor of the World, by a Universal Reconstruction of Society, from the issue of the Syllabus to the close of the Vatican Council." By William Arthur.

sibility of this issue, I do not disbelieve in the possibility of the struggle. To avert any such repetition of past horrors, to turn the war into a war of thought, a war with the sword of the writer and of the orator, instead of the zouave and the dragoon, is an object in attempting to serve which, however humbly, a good man might be content to die."

The morning of that day when this conflict shall be witnessed in our Dominion has, in the judgment of not a few, already dawned. Some, and not the least well-informed, bid us prepare for the coming struggle. To throw light upon its conditions and possible issue, by means of a brief *resumé* of the argument of Mr. Arthur's volumes, is the purpose contemplated in this and a second paper.

The sources of the information which these volumes contain, are :—" 1. Official documents ; 2. Histories having the sanction of the Pope or of bishops ; 3. Scholastic works of the present pontificate, and of recognized authority ; 4. Periodicals and journals, avowed organs of the Vatican or of its policy, with books and pamphlets by bishops and other Ultramontane writers ; 5. The writings of liberal Catholics."

In order to a right understanding of the subject-matter of this work, it is of the gravest importance that a warning word from Mr. Arthur should be heeded. Speaking of the recent Ultramontane controversy, in his own country, he says : " The controversy which had sprung up at home, showed that a book written as this one had begun, would be frequently misunderstood. In that controversy it was often taken for granted that when an Ultramontane disclaims temporal power, he disclaims power over temporal things ; and that when he writes spiritual power, he means only power over spiritual things ; that when he writes religious liberty, he means freedom to worship God according to his conscience ; that when he writes the divine law, he means only the Ten Commandments and the precepts of the Gospel ; that when he writes Kingdom of God, he means righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost ; and that when he writes the Word of God, he simply means the Bible. . . . If their writings are studied, they will be seen to use such terms differently from their fellow-countrymen." Owing to this fact our author is very exact and accurate. Facts are related at length, large quotations are made, narratives are recited fully,

to avoid possibility of error. And even then the challenge is given, "When I do give explanations, let me not be trusted, but watched."

The work proper begins with a graphic description of the first secret command to commence preparations for a General Council. The 6th of December, 1864, was the day on which Pope Pius IX. "held in the Vatican a memorable Congregation of Rites." Three months previously the new kingdom of Italy had succeeded in binding Napoleon III. to withdraw his troops, at the close of 1866, from the Papal States. It seemed needful then that some special action should be taken by the Vatican for the strengthening of its hands in these troublesome times.

On the memorable day in question, the Pope having requested all not members of the Sacred College to withdraw from the Congregation of Rites, disclosed to the Cardinals his conviction that the one and the only sufficient remedy for the evils of the time was to be found in a General Council.

December is an epocal month in Rome. Ten years before the time of which we write, in order to gain the special aid of the blessed Virgin, the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception was proclaimed. The evening preceding the tenth anniversary of this event was chosen to set in motion the preparations for the forthcoming Council. The anniversary day itself was reserved for another purpose, that of "publishing the Encyclical *Quanta Cura* and its accompanying Syllabus of Errors."

"The key-note of the Encyclical is that of an alarm, in the martial sense; not a panic cry, accompanied by a throwing away of arms, but a note of danger, with a call to take them up." The condition of society awakens the feeling of unrest: the word society being understood, not in a domestic but in a political sense. The symptoms of the diseased state of affairs are manifold. There is a disposition manifest "to check and set aside the salutary force which ought always to be exercised by the Church not only over individuals, but also over nations, both 'peoples' and sovereigns." The prevalence of the disposition toward religious equality is an evil sign. So is the hostility to the religious orders. Likewise may a token of ruin be discovered in the claim which parents are making to control the education of their children, instead of humbly committing them into the hands of the priest. Suggesting a cure for these evils, it is not

hard to see, under certain apparently indifferent generalities, the proclamation of the doctrine of reconstruction, of which we shall have more to say further on.

The Encyclical was introductory to the Syllabus. But before we can properly grasp the meaning of the latter document, it is needful that we should recall certain historical facts. Pius IX. became Pope in 1846. Though an unquiet spirit was abroad in the bounds of the papal kingdom, "nevertheless, prelates from the north coming to pay their homage to the new Pontiff, on reaching the last spurs of the Alps, might embrace in the glance of their mind all thence to Ætna, and say, 'Happy land! the throne of His Holiness in the centre, the faithful Bourbon on the south, the Hapsburg on the north, with Tuscany under a branch of the Hapsburgs, and Piedmont under the House of Savoy,—what a spectacle of Catholic power! Holy land! not a heretic temple; not one teacher but in communion with Peter; blessed scene of Catholic unity!'"

Eighteen years, however, had produced great changes. Catholic countries had suffered from war and famine. Catholic craft had received a check, and the Pontiff himself had been made to suffer from the reverses of war. As an exile Pius IX. made an appeal to the Catholic powers for aid. He finally became "indebted for a welcome restoration to the unwelcome hand of a Bonaparte." Nor was the restoration so complete and satisfactory as might have been wished. Its somewhat incomplete character and the means by which it was obtained, seem to have brought about a great change in the Pope himself. "Instead of being an opponent of the Jesuits, a Liberal, and a Reformer, as he had been, the Pope was now transformed into a violent reactionary, and had fallen entirely under the influence of the Jesuits." From this period the movement for reconstruction may be said to date. To further this movement a literature of reconstruction, serial and scholastic, was established, of which *Civilta Catholica* was and is the principal exponent. This is the recognized organ of the Vatican, and its views on education, and on questions of state and church, may be accepted as authoritative. The doctrine of the *Civilta* is sufficiently clear. Reconstruction means the re-establishment of the Pope as the civil as well as the religious head of the world. Constitutional authority is pronounced illegitimate. "Authority coming from below is never

legitimate." The State is to have no control in moral education. The policy of reconstruction is far-reaching. A writer in the *Civilta* declares, "that if the Church cannot rule her sons, even in material things, the Church is lost, at least the Catholic Church." Kings are solemnly counselled "to bring forth all their codes and pass them under a careful examination." But priests are to form ths revision committee, and the basis of revision is to be fixed by the Vatican.

But the advancement of the policy of reconstruction was not permitted to depend upon the aid of literature alone. The Council of 1854 was summoned to advance this policy. The devout, who had congratulated his Holiness, in 1846 on the freedom from heresy in his dominions, must have been pained by its prevalence in 1854. Nor did the appeal to the Virgin, in the honour done her memory by the Council of 1854, stay the progress of the evil. Ten years had passed away and still Pius IX. must sigh over the progress of error and the evil state of society. Hence a second Council.

Read in the light of these events the Syllabus becomes a remarkably important document. Divorced, however, from the purpose which governed its construction and inspired its sentences, it is quite possible for the reader to miss its profound significance. It is quite out of the question for us, in our present limits, to give our readers any clear idea of what the Syllabus contained. Much is condemned by its propositions which we have come to regard as out of the region of controverted questions altogether. Marriage is pronounced invalid, when in addition to the civil contract, the Church does not add the sacrament. The Church claims full control over schools. Kings are to receive their authority from her; she is in no case to become indebted to earthly sovereigns for her authority. These claims partake so thoroughly of the character of the dark ages and are apparently so childish in the light of the present century, that one might well afford to treat them with contempt, were it not that they reveal the intention, and are part of the policy of men, who are not easily deterred by difficulties, and who possess a machinery for the carrying out of their purposes, unequalled by the machinery of any other organization upon the face of the earth to-day.

It would be intensely interesting to follow our author

through his graphic account of the events following the publication of the Syllabus until the opening of the great Council. This, however, is a satisfaction for which we must refer the reader to Mr. Arthur's work itself. One incident must receive our attention, before we come to speak of the Council, because of its intimate connection with after events. "One of the most considerable figures in the hierarchy was Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, to whose name an historical death has given tragic immortality." It was his misfortune, before a twelvemonth had elapsed after the issue of the Syllabus, to call down upon his head the wrath of its chief, Pope Pius IX. The cause of his rebuke seems to have been three-fold. The Archbishop had, first of all, come into conflict with the "regulars," that is to say the orders of priests, Jesuits, and others, sent out from Rome, and intended by the Pope to be independent of Darboy as it was the policy of the Vatican that Darboy should be independent of the French Government. These "regulars" received their orders directly from Rome and from their independent relation to the Archbishop were at liberty to do many things that to a man of Barboy's temperament, must have been very irritating. Against their exemption from episcopal control, the good Archbishop saw fit to protest. This led to reprimand first. The second offence was serious enough. "The Pontiff cannot dissemble his extreme surprise and annoyance that his venerable brother had attended the General Marshal Magnan, the Grand Orient of the Freemasons, and had given the solemn absolution while the insignia of Freemasonry were on the bier, and brethren of the condemned sect wearing its orders were present."

But a third and very grave offence lay back of the first and second: His Holiness cannot pass over the fact "that it has come to his knowledge that an opinion has been expressed to the effect that acts of the Holy See do not compel obedience unless the civil goverment has given authority to carry them out." This last is important, illustrating as it does the great point of difference between the Gallican and Ultramontane divisions of the Roman Catholic Church. When Catholics accept the views of the Gallicans as countless numbers of them do, it is very easy to see how they may be as loyal to their government as any Protestant can hope to be. They may then be a religious denomination, claiming equal privileges with other denominations. When

and where the Ultramontane doctrine obtains it is difficult to free oneself from doubts touching the loyalty of those who receive and adopt it. And that to the spread of this doctrine the Vatican is giving its most sincere support, there can be no reasonable doubt. In June, 1867, a great gathering, preparatory to the Council itself, assembled in Rome. Of course a remarkable pageant took place. "The city put on its best, the churches were newly embellished, the streets decked in festive array. Bishops came from all the ends of the earth, till the thoroughfares were mottled with the toilets of five hundred prelates. Priests crowded in till, it is said, twelve thousand breathed the sacred air of the city, every one of them proud to tread that spot of our unruly earth, where the priest was king of men." Then there were pilgrims in such multitude that, according to Cecconi, the city's population was almost doubled. Those who visited Rome for a second time must have detected improvements in its appearance. Gas lighted its streets. The shriek of the locomotive was heard within its walls. "The personal liberality of the Pope had effected several improvements, both in public works and charitable institutions." Some efforts after cleanliness in the streets had been made by the French. "And, finally, it had become possible to tell the time of day."

The presence of these great multitudes seems to have inspired the *Civilta Catholica*. The heading of one of its articles during this memorable period is significant: "Opportuneness of the Centenary of St. Peter for reviving the true idea of the political order among States." The point of the article is clearly taken. The coming together of this great gathering affords an opportunity to the visitor to gaze upon that which, in the thought of Catholicism, is "the Model State of the world."

Let the traveller behold the State after which it is the purpose of the party of reconstruction to fashion the States of this earth of ours. Judged by its own standard, how will the policy of reconstruction commend itself to the observer? Is the condition of the Papal States such as to awaken a desire for the construction of the same methods of government throughout the other States of civilization? This question is admirably and calmly discussed by Mr. Arthur in one of the best written chapters of the book. We may not even attempt to follow him in his argu-

ment, which is clear and unanswerable, and leads one to feel that if the movement to make the Pope governor of the world mean that results at all parallel to those achieved by his rule in Italy are to obtain, wherever his dominion extends, we may humbly pray to be exempt from its supposed benefits.

On the 17th of June, 1877, the solemn confirmation of the Syllabus by the Pope occurred before the assembled hierarchy, and its dogmas were as solemnly acquiesced in by them. "As the Court historian omits all mention of the Syllabus when first issued, so does he also omit to say a word of its definite confirmation by the Pontiff and of its formal acceptance by the episcopate." On the 26th of the same month His Holiness gave the first public intimation of his intention to hold a Council. The announcement awakened great enthusiasm in the hearts of the assembled prelates. What was called a Salutation was presented to Pius IX., in which confidence was expressed that "in face of such a display," princes and people would not "allow the highest sanction of all authority, the august rights of the Pope, to be trampled on with impunity, but would see him secured in the enjoyment both of the liberty of power and the power of liberty."

"Having, in part, arranged the plan upon which they were to proceed, and the subjects which were to engage their attention when the Council met, the five hundred bishops dispersed, overjoyed with their visit to Rome and prepared to enter heartily into the policy of the Papal See. "While in the provinces the bishops were kindling enthusiaism for the coming assembly, and for the movement of re-construction in general, in Rome six commissions were at work, under the Directing Congregation, making secret preparations for the Council." Finally, on St. Peter's Day, June 29, 1868, the Bull of Convocation was issued, summoning the Council for December 8th, 1869, the day of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

"To obviate the objection that the assembly would be only a synod of the Western Church, and not an Œcumenical Council, the Bull was followed by Letters Apostolic addressed to all prelates of the Oriental Churches not holding communion with Rome." Little as Protestant countries were interested in the forthcoming Council, the Roman Catholic countries were driven into excitement by its approach. So deeply was the *Civilta* impressed by

the importance of the approaching event that it "put the alternative as between the end of the world or its salvation by the Council." It must not, however, be supposed that the proposed policy of reconstruction met with universal acceptance among the Catholics themselves. To not a few, of Darboy's way of thinking, the proposal appeared full of danger and sadly out of place. Certain forebodings touching the meaning of the Council began to torment rulers, whose principalities were largely peopled by Romanists. Bavaria and Germany were not a little agitated. The attitude of France was far from friendly to the Vatican and its policy. And when in February, 1869, the purpose to propose the Dogma of Infallibility was intimated, and when this was followed by the intelligence that princes were not invited to membership in the Council, the murmurs of discontent deepened and increased. As the time for the Council drew nearer, the Ultramontane party became bolder, the Liberals grew more alarmed. A book entitled "The Pope and the Council" by Janus, attributed to Dollinger, and issued from the German press, some three months before the opening of the Council, gave a new impulse to the controversy, and opened many eyes to the real purpose which lay back of the Council itself. In Austria, a disturbed state of feeling added to the uneasiness of the Vatican. Nor did the forecasts of war between France and Prussia do anything to lessen the growing feeling of apprehension. Not even was Protestant England permitted to escape the infection, as the controversy between Manning, on one side, and certain startled Protestants, on the other, fully testifies.

But at last, on the 8th of December, 1869, the opening ceremony occurred. We must, however, defer our review of Mr. Arthur's comments upon this event, and the *resumé* we shall attempt of the doings of the great Council itself, to a second paper.

ORILIA, *Ont.*

---

ON Thee we fling our burdened woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near.

# MEN WORTH KNOWING;

## *OR, HEROES OF CHRISTIAN CHIVALRY.*

### GEORGE FOX, WILLIAM PENN, AND THE QUAKERS.*

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

"THE rise of the people called Quakers," writes Bancroft, "is one of the memorable events in the history of man." A brief study of this event may make us acquainted with some "men worth knowing."

The period of the "Great Rebellion," and of the Protectorate was one of intense religious agitation. Puritans and Prelatists, Presbyterians and Independents were striving for the mastery, and everywhere refuting and reviling one another. Amid the seethings of religious and political controversy, the wrangling of innumerable sectaries made confusion worse confounded. Anabaptists, Brownists, Familists, Fifth Monarchy Men, Levellers, Muggletonians, Perfectists, Southcotians, Skeptics, Socinians, filled the land with their strange babbling and fanatical practices.

Amid this strife of tongues one earnest soul was seeking, with much fasting and prayer, the inner light which guides into all truth. George Fox, born 1624, was the son of a poor Leicestershire weaver, by his mother descended from the stock of the martyrs. In his boyhood he was set to tend sheep. The solitude and silence of his employment fostered the natural thoughtfulness of his nature, and he read much his only book, the Word of God. He was early apprenticed to a Nottingham shoemaker, and as he worked on his bench he pondered deeply the problems of human duty and destiny. In his nineteenth year, at a country fair, two companions proposed to have a stoup of ale together. Fox consented, but when they called for more, saying that he who would not drink should pay the

* The chief authorities for this paper are Fox's Journal, Sewell's History of the Quakers, Hepworth Dixon's Life of William Penn, Carlyle's Cromwell, Bancroft, Macaulay, and Knight, *passim*, Neal's Puritans, and many Cyclopedia articles. In the Plays and Novels of the Restoration, Aminadab Sleek, the Quaker caricature, is the butt of the dissolute witlings of the time.

whole score, he refused, and paid his groat, with the words, "Nay, if that be so, I will leave you." "This simple ale-house incident,' writes Hepworth Dixon, with perhaps exaggerated rhetoric, "was one of the most important events which had yet happened in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race; for out of it was to come Quakerism, the writings and teachings of Penn and Barclay, the colony and constitution of Pennsylvania, the Republics of the West, and in no very remote degree, the vast movement of liberal ideas in Great Britain and America in more modern times."

"That night," writes Fox in his journal, "I did not go to bed, nor did I sleep; but sometimes walked up and down, and sometimes prayed and called upon the Lord." In that long night of watching and prayer, there came to his soul a voice saying, "Thou must forsake all, young and old, and be a stranger unto all." So he wandered forth without purse or scrip, seeking the spiritual illumination for which his soul yearned. "I fasted much," he writes, "walked abroad in solitary places many days, and often took my Bible and sat in hollow trees and lonesome places, until night came on; and frequently in the night walked mournfully about by myself; for I was a man of sorrows in the first working of the Lord in me."

Groping thus blindly in the darkness, if haply he might find God, he sought the learned doctors of divinity for counsel, but they proved only blind guides. One advised him to sing psalms and smoke tobacco; another told him to go and lose some blood. His mother urged him to marry; his companions invited him to join the village band and drum his melancholy away; and others advised him to join Cromwell's army. His soul was tossed upon a dark and stormy sea, at times sustained by gleams of hope, at times plunged into deep despair. At length, after years of darkness, the inner light dawned. His heart was filled with joy and peace. He felt a commission to proclaim this new experience to mankind. He began to preach up and down the land, with an eloquence and power that surprised himself and all who heard him. He had also a testimony to bear against the hireling priests and false teachers of the steeple houses—he refused to call them churches. "That is not the true Gospel," he would cry out in the midst of a sermon, "Come down, thou deceiver!" Dragged before the magistrate, he refused to take

off his hat, or to make obeisance, save to his Maker. He thought it savoured of hypocrisy to address any one but as "thee" or "thou," or to use any titles of honour—even the highest were addressed in their proper names.* He refused all oaths, in obedience to the command "Swear not at all." He was beaten, and stoned by the rabble, pilloried and imprisoned again and again by the magistrates. But he returned not railing for railing, and when smitten upon one cheek he literally turned the other also. "More of his time was spent in jail than out of it; yet he had no fear of jails. He entered them without a murmur. He refused to leave them except with honour."† He resolved to out-weary his oppressors—

> "To oppose his patience to their fury,
> And suffer with a quietness of spirit
> The very tyranny and rage of theirs."

This persecution wrought its natural result. It created sympathy for the man and for his doctrines, which were soon embraced by hundreds in all parts of England. In seven years there were sixty preachers of the new sect, and thousands of followers. An intense missionary zeal fired their souls. They sought to convert the whole world. Fox, himself, appealed to the lowest and the highest. "He preached to milkmaids, and discussed points of theology with ploughmen." He wrote to admonish Pope Innocent XI., and had much discourse with Cromwell, exhorting him "to keep in the fear of God and to hearken to His voice." "He caught me by the hand," says Fox, and said, "Come again to my house. If thou and I were but an hour of the day together, we should be nearer one to the other. I wish no more harm to thee than I do to my own soul." The great Protector recognized in the preaching shoemaker a hero heart akin to his own. Fox wrote also godly counsels to the ambassadors of the great powers, assembled at Nimeguen, to treat of peace.

* "Friend Charles," said William Penn, as he stood covered in the presence of his sovereign, "Why dost thee keep on thy hat?" "It is the custom of this place," replied the Merry Monarch, "for only one person to be covered at a time."

† King Charles once offered him a pardon, but he would not take it, because a pardon implied a confession of guilt.

"Innocent girls and unworldly men," says Hepworth Dixon, "went forth in conscious and fearless innocence to bear the seeds of truth to every corner of the earth. Hester Biddle forced her way into the presence of the grand monarch of Versailles, and commanded him in the name of God to sheathe his destroying sword. Others made their way to Jerusalem and to New England, to Egypt, to China, and to Japan. One young woman of dauntless resolution carried the words of peace to the successor of Mohammed in his camp at Adrianople, who received her with the respect due to one professing to come in the name of God. Another took a message to the Supreme Pontiff and his Cardinals at Rome. Some were moved to go forth and convert the savages of the west, and the negroes of the south; and one party set out in search of the unknown realms of Prester John. Everywhere these messengers bore the glad tidings that they had themselves received; everywhere treating all men as equals and brothers; thee-ing and thou-ing high and low; protesting against all authority not springing from the light in the soul—against all powers, privileges, and immunities founded on carnal history and tradition; and often at the peril of their lives, refusing to lift the hat or to bend the knee—except to God."

"Some of Fox's followers, however," continues Dixon, "were betrayed by their zeal into acts of the wildest fanaticism. One woman went into the House of Parliament with a trenchard on her head, to denounce the Lord Protector, and before the face of his government, dashed the trenchard into pieces, saying aloud: 'Thus shall he be broken into pieces.' One Sarah Goldsmith went about the city in a coat of sackcloth, her hair disheveled, and her head covered with dust to testify, as she said, against pride. James Naylor gave himself out as the Messiah, and a woman named Dorcas Ebery, made oath before the judges, that she had been dead two days and was raised again to life by this impostor. Gilbert Latye, a man of property and education, going with Lord Oberry into the Queen's private chapel, was moved to stand up on one of the side altars, and inveigh against Popery to the astonished worshippers. One Solomon Eccles went through the streets, naked above the waist, with a chafing dish of coals and burning brimstone on his head,—in which state he entered a Popish chapel and de-

nounced the Lord's vengeance againt idolaters. 'William Sympson,' says Fox, who never did these things himself,* 'was moved to go at several times for three years, naked and bare-footed, in markets, courts, towns, and cities—to priests and great men's houses, as a sign that they should be stripped naked even as he was stripped naked.'" Small wonder that the prisons were soon crowded with these deluded Children of the Light, as they called themselves.

The most illustrious of Fox's disciples was William Penn, a man who was very far from being either a fanatic, or a fool. He was the son of Sir William Penn, a gallant Admiral of the British Navy, and no unworthy rival of those famous sea-kings, De Ruyter and Van Tromp. The future founder of empire was born in 1644, and in his youth the stirring events of the Great Rebellion and the Protectorate took place. He was brought up in the dignity becoming his station, and at fifteen was sent to Christ Church College, Oxford. He was a diligent student, and recoiled from the profligacy which followed the Restoration. He became a convert to the pure and peaceable doctrines of Quakerism, and was expelled from college. The choleric Admiral, highly incensed, beat him and drove him from his house. He was afterwards reconciled and sent the boy to Paris, to forget amid its gaieties his Quaker principles. Young Penn preferred the study of theology at Samur, to the dissipations of Paris. At his father's wish he returned to England, and studied law at Lincoln's Inn, but remaining fixed in his principles he was again turned penniless out of doors. Soon he began to preach and write in defence of the persecuted tenets of the Quakers. He was soon arraigned for heresy and committed to the Tower, and he was threatened with imprisonment for life unless he would recant. "Then my prison shall be my grave before I budge a jot," he indignantly replied; "for I owe my conscience to no mortal man." He was kept in a solitary dungeon for nine months. He betook himself to the prisoner's usual solace, and added one more glorious book to the literature of the Tower—a noble treatise, still a favourite, on the consolations of religion, entitled "No Cross, No Crown." The gallant old Admiral was conquered, and became reconciled to his brave-souled son.

* He is said, however, to have gone barefoot through the streets of Norwich, crying out "Woe to the bloody city!"

Scarcely was he at liberty a year when he was again arraigned under the tyrannous "Conventicle Act," for having spoken at a Quaker meeting. "Not all the powers of earth shall divert us from meeting to adore the God who made us," he declared. "Thus," says Bancroft, "did a young man of twenty-five defy the English legislature. Amidst angry exclamations and menaces, he proceeded to plead earnestly for the fundamental laws of England,* and, as he was hurried out of court, still reminded the jury, that 'they were his judges.' Dissatisfied with the first verdict returned, the Recorder heaped upon the jury every opprobrious epithet. 'We will have a verdict, by the help of God, or you shall starve for it.' 'You are Englishmen,' said Penn, who had been again brought to the bar, 'mind your privilege; give not away your right.' 'It never will be well with us,' said the Recorder, 'till something like the Spanish Inquisition be in England.' At last the jury, who had received no refreshments for two days and two nights, on the third day gave the verdict 'Not Guilty.' The Recorder fined them forty marks apiece for their independence, and amercing Penn for contempt of court, sent him back to prison. The trial was an era in judicial history. The fines were soon after discharged by his father, who was now approaching his end. 'Son William,' said the dying Admiral, 'if you and your friends keep your plain way of preaching and living, you will make an end of the priests.'"

In eleven days the brave old Admiral died, and his son became heir to his ample estates. But he continued to inveigh against the vice and immorality by which, from the palace to the hovel, society was honey-combed. He soon found himself, for speaking at a Quaker meeting, again in Newgate prison—one of the vilest in Europe—where he remained for six months. On his release he travelled in Holland and Germany, and on his return he married a lady of extraordinary beauty and sweetness of temper, who "chose him above many suitors, and honoured him with a deep and upright love." He continued to preach and write in defence of the principles of the despised and persecuted Quakers. But while strenuous in controversy,

* "This is," says Hepworth Dixon, "perhaps the most important trial that ever took place in England."

he was gentle in spirit. "I know no religion," he wrote, "that destroys courtesy, civility, and kindness."

Weary of the corruptions of the Old World, he sought to find for the persecuted Quakers a home in the New. This enterprise he called the "Holy Experiment;" He obtained from Charles II., in 1681, in payment for a debt of £16,000 due to his father, a patent for what is now the noble State which commemorates his name—nearly as large as the whole area of England. He would have called it New Wales, but the Welsh Secretary of State objected to the indignity offered to his country. Penn suggested Sylvannia, but the King named it Pennsylvania, the Forest Land of Penn. The pioneer made his will before he sailed, lest he should never return. He urged strict economy in all respects but one—the education of his children, in which no cost was to be spared. "I charge you before God and His holy angels," he solemnly declared, "that you be lowly, diligent, and tender, fearing God, loving the people, hating covetousness."

True to his principles of peace, Penn refused, in spite of remonstrance and ridicule, to arm his followers, even in their own defence; and his sagacity was vindicated by the fact that during the long and bloody Indian wars which ravaged the continent, not a single hair of a Quaker was harmed.

Next to the sailing of the *Mayflower*, the most important event in the history of the Continent was the sailing of the *Welcome*, bearing Penn and his fortunes. Alas! it also bore the dreaded small-pox. Every day for three weeks of its two months' voyage some one died, and over thirty of its hundred passengers were committed to the deep—Penn ministering with his own hands to the dying, and helping to bury the dead.

At length the pest-smitten ship entered the noble Delaware, and on the site of the city, well-named of "Brotherly Love," Penn made his famous treaty of peace and friendship with the Indians—"the only treaty," with his usual cynicism, says Voltaire, "which was never sworn to and never broken." The genius of West has immortalized the scene, and till 1810, the Treaty-elm continued to be a memorial of one of the most significant events in history. A granite monument now marks the spot.

Between the Delaware and the Schuylkill, the founder of

empire laid out on an ample scale, what with the prescience of a statesman, he foresaw would be a mighty city.* From the unkindly home-land of Britain, from the Rhine, from the Elbe, from the Zuider Zee, and from the other colonies of America, flocked the persecuted Quakers to this haven of refuge and peace; and in two years he left a prosperous colony of 7,000 people. "And thou, Philadelphia," he said at parting, "the virgin settlement of this Province, my soul prays to God for thee, that thou mayest stand in the day of trial, and that thy children may be blessed by the Lord, and thy people saved by His power. My love and my life are to you and with you, and no water can quench it, nor distance bring it to an end. I bless you in the name of the Lord."

When Penn returned to England he found vice and profligacy rioting in high places, and persecution devouring the poor and godly of the land. "The clergy," says Macaulay, "made war upon schism with such vigour that they had no leisure to make war upon vice." Wantons usurped the first places in the peerage, while John Bunyan and George Fox languished in dungeons. Penn counted up fifteen thousand families who had been ruined for opinion sake. Four thousand Quakers at one time lay rotting in noisome jails, the companions of felons and murderers; and as many had died in prison. Penn interceded strongly with the new King, James II., with whom he was a favourite suitor, and obtained the liberation of fourteen hundred and ninety Quakers, and a royal proclamation of liberty of conscience to the oppressed sect. After the Bloody Assizes, which have made infamous the memory of Judge Jeffreys forever, Penn interceded for the lives of Cornish, an upright London citizen, hanged in sight of his own door, and of Elizabeth Gaunt, burned at Tyburn, for saving a wretch who afterwards betrayed her. Failing to procure their pardon, he stood by them in the hour of death, and afterwards defended their memory. As the noble matron arranged the straw around her feet, that the flame might do its work more quickly, the whole concourse of spectators burst into tears. She was the last woman who suffered death in England for any political offence.

When James II. fled from his palace, and all to whom he had

* The farm-land was sold at 4s. per acre, with a reserve of 1s. per 100 acres as a ground rent.

shown favour escaped into hiding, Penn almost alone of those who had stood near the King remained. He would not even change his lodgings, nor take the least measures to keep in the shade. He was arrested and brought before the Lords in Council. An intercepted letter from King James was shown him craving his assistance. "What does the James Stuart mean?" was asked. "I suppose," said Penn, "he wishes me to aid in his restoration. Having loved him in prosperity, I cannot now hate him in adversity." Struck with his frankness, William III. honoured him with his confidence.

Again arraigned by his enemies who, he said "darkened the very air against him," he was for a time deprived of his authority as Governor of Pennsylvania, but was triumphantly acquitted and restored. But many troubles gathered around him. His beloved wife "the one of ten thousand, the wise, chaste, humble, modest, constant, industrious, and undaunted," as he describes her, died. His friend, George Fox, worn by toil and travel in many lands, and wasted by imprisonment in many jails, also in his sixty-seventh year, passed away. His eldest son, a noble youth of twenty-one, died in his arms. He had expended his whole fortune, £120,000, on the "Holy Experiment" in the New World. His Irish estate was ruined by war. His name and fame were traduced. He was accused of being a Papist, a Jesuit, and a traitor. Owner of twenty millions of acres, he had to borrow a few hundred pounds to take himself and family—he had married again—to his vast estate in the New World. He gave himself at once to reforms in the condition of the Indians, and the negro slaves, of whom there were many in the colony—arranging for their gradual emancipation. An attempt to re-annex his colony to the Crown brought him again to England. His most poignant grief was to find his son a drunkard and a profligate. The youth promised amendment, and was sent to the colony to a position of trust, but his vices were so flagrant that he was expelled from the country. Even marriage failed to reclaim him, and he wandered a prodigal in the lowest haunts of dissipation in Europe, and died the victim of his vices, in poverty and distress, in an obscure town in France.

Penn's London agent proved an infamous scoundrel, and by fraudulent documents trumped up charges to the amount of

£14,000 against his patron, threatening to seize and sell the colony if not paid. Unable to pay, the founder of Pennsylvania "as a free colony for all mankind," went to the Fleet Prison, where he remained for a long time, till his friends compromised with his creditors.* Yet, though old, infirm, poor, in prison, he was perfectly happy. "He could say it before the Lord," he writes, "he had the comfort of having approved himself a faithful steward according to his understanding and ability."

From the effects of this imprisonment at the age of sixty-five he never recovered. He soon received the first of those shocks of paralysis which in a few months laid his reason completely prostrate. For six quiet years, writes his biographer, he lingered on in a gentle and sweet decline, tasting the happiness of a repose for which he had sighed many years without attaining. He was again a little child, gathering flowers, chasing the butterflies, and romping through the rooms with the forsaken children of his wayward son. Never had he felt so happy. He could speak little, but a smile was ever on his face. The gentle hands of wife and children smoothed his pathway to the life to come, and their love cheered and brightened his declining days. Thus, in a gentle euthanasia, he lingered year after year, and then gently, like a weary child, fell asleep, July 30th, 1718. He was seventy-two years of age. In the quiet churchyard of Jordans, in Buckinghamshire, beside the wife of his youth and his first-born son, rests his dust. Throughout the world the memory of his noble life, the moral grandeur of his character, the persecutions he endured, and the varied fortunes of his checkered career, awake the sympathy, the love, the homage of mankind.†

Space will permit brief reference to only one other of the

* Penn was a claimant on an estate in Spain, but with his usual fortune failed to obtain it. His uncle had married a Catholic lady, and amassed great wealth. He was seized by the Inquisition, tortured, and imprisoned for three years, and he never saw his wife again. Escaping to London he made William Penn his heir, but money once in the clutches of the Inquisition is seldom recovered. Penn sold to the Crown his proprietary rights to the colony for £12,000, a sum far less than he had expended upon it.

† I have not thought it necesrary to notice the ungenerous aspersions which Macaulay has cast upon certain of his political acts. These have received an ample refutation from the pen of his latest biographer, W. Hepworth Dixon.

early Friends,* the celebrated Barclay of Ury. He was a Scottish soldier who had stood—

> Ankle-deep in Lutzen's blood
> With the brave Gustavus.

Becoming a Quaker, he wrote in English and Latin his famous "Apology," the best defence of their principles ever published. His "Treatise on Universal Love," is a fervent remonstrance against the criminality of war, the horrors of which he so well knew. He travelled much with Penn and Fox to preach these new doctrines, endured much persecution and was often in prison. He is the subject of a fine poem by Whittier. Mocked and jeered through his native town, once proud to do him honour, to an old companion in arms, he said:—

> "Happier I, with loss of all,
> Hunted, out-lawed, held in thrall,
> With few friends to greet me,
> Than when reeve and squire, were seen,
> Riding out from Aberdeen,
> With bared heads to meet me."

The persecutions of the Quakers during the first forty years of their history find no parallel during the last two centuries. Their goods were continually seized on account of their refusal to pay tithes, or to bear arms. On the Quakers of Bristol there were levied, at one time, fines to the amount of £16,400, and throughout the Kingdom not less that £1,000,000 worth of their property was destroyed—an immense sum for those days. Their meeting-houses were torn down, their services broken up, and the worshippers were beaten, and sometimes killed by a brutal soldiery. For refusing to take the oath of allegiance, they were dragged to prison by thousands. To the matter of the oath as loyal subjects they did not object; but swear they would not. Thousands of them were done to death in noisome dungeons, the worst in Europe save those of the Inquisition. They were whipped half-naked through the street at the cart's tail—even delicate women and young girls—pelted with rotten eggs and dead cats in the pillories, branded with hot irons, and their ears and noses slit and mutilated. And the spoiling of

* The nickname Quakers is said to have been given to them by a Derbyshire magistrate, whom Fox admonished "to quake at the name of the Lord."

their goods and torture of their bodies they took joyfully—persecuted but not forsaken, cast down but not destroyed, sorrowful yet always rejoicing, poor yet making many rich, having nothing and yet possessing all things. James Naylor, one of Cromwell's Ironsides turned Quaker—a mad enthusiast declaring himself to be the Messiah—received still more inhuman treatment. He was whipped and branded, his tongue was pierced with a hot iron, and he was imprisoned for three years. For ten days the Parliament debated whether he should be hanged or not, eighty-two voting for his death. He would now-a-days be simply locked up as a harmless fanatic.

In the New World, whither they had fled for refuge, as well as in the Old—in Massachusetts, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia*—everywhere but in Roger William's colony of Rhode Island, and Penn's province of Pennsylvania, the same persecutions followed them. We have seen how, in 1659, on Boston Common, four Quakers, one a woman, were hanged. "I die for Christ," said one. "We suffer not as evil-doers, but for conscience sake," were the last words of his companion. "God can raise up ten of his servants in my place," was the prophetic utterance of another; and like the Israelites in Egypt, the more they were afflicted the more they multiplied and grew.

The Quakers probably were never more than 200,000 in number. But no community has given more noble philanthropists to the world. With a passionate charity they have sought out the suffering and the sorrowing, in prisons, in hospitals, in the lairs of sickness and vice, and have ministered

* In Virginia for absence from Church they were fined £20 a month. In New England to harbour one of the "accursed sect" was a crime, the fine was 40s. for each hour, They were banished under pain of mutilation, burning through the tongue, and death. But these Draconic laws were soon repealed.

See also Longfellow's noble tragedy "John Endicott." We cannot resist the temptation to quote a few lines. Edith Christison, a young Quakeress, is in prison and refuses the offer to escape :—

"I am safe here within these gloomy walls.
Remembering who was scourged for me, I shrink not,
Nor shudder at the forty stripes, save one,
I fear not death, knowing who died for me.
If all these prison doors stood open wide
I would not cross the threshold—not one step.

to their necessities. They have been the benefactors of the criminal and slave. They have borne their testimony against war, and slavery, and oppression. The purity of their lives, their patience under persecution, their zeal for the welfare of the race have won the commendation of even their enemies. They have ever been foremost in promoting that religious toleration and charity of opinion which the world has been so slow to learn. The quietism of their religious belief, the unworldliness of their lives, and the simplicity of their worship and attire are elements which could ill be spared amid the feverish unrest and ostentation of so much of modern life.

There are invisible bars I cannot break,
There are invisible doors that shut me in.
When Death, the Healer, shall have touched our eyes.
With moist clay of the grave, then shall we see
The truth as we have never yet beheld it!
But he that overcometh shall not be
Hurt of the second death."

In another scene young Endicott beholds her scourged, stripped to the waist, through Boston streets, and cries out :—

"O shame, shame, shame!
See where she comes amid a gaping crowd;
And she a child. O, pitiful! pitiful!
There's blood upon her clothes, her hands, her feet.
*Edith.* Here let me rest one moment, I am tired,
I am athirst, Will no one give me water?
*Endicott* (*breaking through the throng gives her water*).
In the Lord's name.
*Edith.* In His name I receive it.
Sweet as the water of Samaria's well
This water tastes. It is granted me
To seal my testimony with my blood.
*Christison* (*her father calling from the prison window*).
Be of good courage, O my child! my child;
Blessed art thou when men shall persecute thee,
Fear not their faces, saith the Lord, fear not
For I am with thee to deliver thee.
Remember
Him who was scourged, and mocked, and crucified!
I see His messengers attending thee,
Be steadfast, O be steadfast to the end."

The Quaker poet Whittier, has also grandly sung the honours of his persecuted sect in many of his noblest poems.

# METHODIST MISSION-WORK IN THE NORTH-WEST.

BY GEORGE M. GRANT, D.D.
Principal of Queen's University, Kingston.

THE Editor has asked me to give my impressions of Methodist Missions and Missionaries in the North-West, and without pretending to anything like full and accurate acquaintance with the subject, I have too much sympathy with the past and present of the Methodist Church to decline the request. No other religious body, the Moravian alone excepted, has maintained throughout its history, from the beginning till now, so perfect an example of that intimate union between Home and Foreign Mission work, which is presented to us in the Apostolic Church, and which is the ideal for all time. In the days of its infancy and poverty Methodism was consecrated to Missions and taught that the whole world was its parish. Let it not be false to its vow as riches increase and stately temples are built to take the place of open moors and humble chapels.

The late Rev. George Macdougall, one of our simple great ones, is my authority for almost everything I have to tell about the work of the Methodist Church in the North-West. It is now nine years since we met in Manitoba, and made a summer or autumn journey together, across the Plains and up the Saskatchewan, to Fort Edmonton. That spring he had taken one of his frequent journeys from under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains to Winnipeg, to consult about the Church, and if possible secure more missionaries and teachers for the vast field that he knew and loved so well. One journey across the great lone land, made me somewhat of a hero in the eyes of friends and fellow-citizens. Though I went with an expedition that was backed by the Government and befriended by the Hudson's Bay Company, and, therefore, lacked nothing that money or influence could supply, people spoke of it with bated breath and congratulated me on my return with a fervency usually reserved for those who have escaped imminent perils. But George Macdougall had made the same journey, and more difficult ones, on his own resources, in all seasons of the year, during the best part of his lifetime, and no one seemed to think anything of it, and he him-

self quite agreed with them in their estimate. He hitched his horse to his old waggon, threw in supplies—principally pemmican and shaganappi*—and then he and his Cree servant—Souzie—mounted to the hard seat, and driving one or two horses before them to serve as relays, commenced their journey of nine, ten, or twelve hundred miles over lonely plains, by lonely river-banks, and lonely lake-sides, across creeks and sloughs, and marshes full of water covering bottomless mud in the rainy month of June, and breeding mosquitoes numerous as locusts and tenacious as bull-dogs. Sometimes the travellers fell in with a "brigade" of half-breeds, sometimes camped near Indians out on a hunting expedition, but usually they pitched tent on the lonely prairie beside friendly wood and water, and were on the trail again next morning before sunrise. Such a life tended to make a naturally social and communicative man grave, meditative, dignified, just as Indians are dignified. In 1872, Souzie reached Winnipeg, and for the first time saw a congregation of white people worshipping. What astonished him most was the collection. Of course, there was a collection. It was a Methodist Church. Souzie had the ordinary Indian belief that the duty of those who have is to give to those who have not, and, therefore, that the duty of the white man is to be always giving to his red brother. "Ho! ho!" a chief will cry, as he comes up to you and extends his hand, or strokes you caressingly on the arm, "you are my good brother; give me something." So, when the plate was passed to Souzie, he would have swept off every cent, had he not been checked. For many a day he could not get over the picture that came up before him—every one putting something on a plate, and no one taking anything from it! Again and again as he thought over it he would burst into explosions of cheery laughter, which gradually subsided into a series of chuckles over the extraordinary simplicity of white people.

On the return journey, Mr. Macdougall and Souzie joined our party, and proved to be our best ears and eyes. Many a long talk I had with the veteran missionary, about the country, and the Indians, and his own experiences. He had an abiding faith in the capacity of the Indians to be Christianized, though no one

* Shaganappi, or buffalo raw-hide thong, is the North-West substitute for leather, rope, cordage, straps, tape, and innumerable etceteras known to civilization.

understood their weaknesses better. He loved to talk of James Evans—the father of the North-West Methodist Missions—and of Rundle, and of the striking testimonies borne to the faith by many of their converts. Those pioneer missionaries must have been men of singularly apostolic character. None of their successors have succeeded in going beyond the bounds to which they penetrated. Every missionary who has laboured since in the North-West, finds traces of James Evans, and such traces as a Christian ought always to leave behind him. The Indians generally reverence his memory. Not a few acknowledge him as their father in Christ, and these, I have been told by more than one witness, are as a rule, far above the ordinary type of Indian converts.

When we speak of the labours of Christian missionaries among the Indian tribes, we ought not to forget that in this field the Roman Catholic Church has a far older and longer record, and one more deeply dyed with the blood of martyrs than all the Protestant Churches put together. Her missions to the Hurons, in the seventeenth century, were on a magnificent scale. Who has read with dry eyes Parkman's account of the sufferings and death of Charles Lalemant and Jean de Brébœuf? Jesuits and Recollets vied with each other in carrying the Cross to the deepest recesses of the wilderness. They presented themselves at the council fires of the hostile Iroquois on the Mohawk, and made friends of the tribes who roamed the far-extending plains of what is now the State of Minnesota. No danger appalled, no defeat discouraged them. Faith overcame difficulties that rose like mountains, tier upon tier. No distance was too great, no tribe too degraded. When nine years ago, I was introduced to sisters from Montreal, feeding orphan Crees and Blackfeet at Lake St. Albert, between the waters of the Saskatchewan and the Athabaska; and again, when in August of this year I listened to Pére La Combe instructing the chief of Rainy River in his little chapel at Rat Portage, I saw a halo of Christian memories encircling their heads. They were the lineal descendants of Marie de l'Incarnation, and Jogues, and others like-minded who have linked the years and centuries together by their prayers and their blood. Narrow is the creed and narrow the heart that has no place of honour for such men and women.

George Macdougall heartily recognized the work that had been

done on behalf of the Indians by other Churches. He neither ignored it, nor made it the subject of indiscriminate eulogy. He saw its weak points and understood the cause of its failures, in the same spirit in which he criticised the mistakes of his own Church. He believed that in the past the Methodist Church had made mistakes in the conduct of Indian Missions through a mistaken loyalty to its system of itinerancy; as if a system that was good at one time and adapted to one phase of society must be good at all times and for all social conditions. No system can be worse for a people like the Indians. They are influenced not by systems or doctrines, but by persons. Like children, they are naturally suspicious; but when they give their trust, they give it unreservedly. When a man has gained their confidence he should be continued in the same field as long as he lives. To remove him is to throw away everything that has been gained, and to begin again at the beginning. This lesson, I hope, has now been thoroughly learned by the Church, for it is not above admitting its mistakes and profiting by its experience.

With regard to other Churches, he naturally enough welcomed Presbyterians most cordially, and desired earnestly that they should enter upon the field more extensively than they have yet done. The Indians need education and training in self-reliance above everything else, and the traditions of the Presbyterian Church are wholly in favour of such a method of work and the training it gives. Like a good Scotchman he wished to see the school beside the Church, and as far as mission-work among Indians was concerned attached even more importance to the school and a Christian teacher than to ritual and preaching.

For my own part, I have no desire to see the Presbyterian Church entering upon this field at all extensively. It would please me better if we retired from it altogether and handed over our few stations to the Methodist Church. There should be a division in mission work between Churches that have so much in common as to be essentially one. Two Protestant Churches, the Episcopal and the Methodist, are enough to overtake all the Indian tribes of the North-West. So far, too, they do not interfere with each other's fields. The Methodist Church has its missions on both sides of the great Lake Winnipeg; on the east side, at Beren's River and Poplar River, and on the west side, at Fisher River. At the foot of the lake is their great head-

quarters, Norway House; and from that point a chain of stations connected either with Norway House or Oxford House extends down the Nelson. At all these posts their missionaries have the field to themselves, undisturbed by inroads from other denominations. Almost all the Indians in this part of the country are nominally Christian. Connected with Norway House and its stations alone there are five or six hundred Indian church members. At every point taken up by the Methodist Church in its Saskatchewan field, from Victoria and Whitefish Lake on the North Saskatchewan to Morleyville, and the Bow River stations, so far as I know, their Indian work is undisturbed by the competition of other churches. The missions of the Episcopal Church extend over a still wider area. Two of its North-Western dioceses, Moosonee and Athabaska, are wholly, and the other two—Rupert's Land and Saskatchewan—partly, missionary. But there is a notable difference between the Mission work of the two Churches, when looked at from a Canadian point of view. The Episcopal Missions have been established and are still supported by the Anglican Church. The men and the money are sent from England. The Methodist Missions, on the contrary, are supported and conducted entirely by the Methodist Church of Canada. They are Canadian, not English. But the points I would emphasize are, that both the Episcopal and Methodist Churches have gained a long experience in dealing with the Indians, and that these Churches do not interfere with each other. Only this last summer a deputation of Indians from one of the fields hitherto worked by missionaries of the Church of England asked the Methodist Church to supply them in the future. Inquiry was made, and it was ascertained from the Bishop that the real cause was offence taken by the Indians because an erring but popular Indian half-breed clergyman had been disciplined. The request of the deputation was accordingly declined. This is the way to "provoke" other churches. They may not recognize our orders. What of that, if they recognize our spirit! Now, there can be no doubt that the greater the number of Churches that undertake evangelistic work among the Indians, the greater the risk of collision. The greater, too, the waste of energy. The Presbyterian Church of Canada has its foreign missions in Formosa, India, and Trinidad, capable of indefinite extension, not to speak of its first field in the South Seas, which naturally belongs to the

Australian Church. In the North-West, it should confine itself, in my opinion, to the work of following up its own children and supplying them with the ordinances of religion in the new homes they are making for themselves on the plains and prairies.

The great obstacle to mission work among the Indians all over the North-West, with the exception of points like Norway House where there is a resident population round the post, or Whitefish Lake where they have betaken themselves to agriculture, is that they remain at their headquarters, where the missionary is stationed, for so short a period of the year. At some posts the Missionary may have his flock near him eight or ten weeks out of the fifty-two. At other points he has them for only three weeks at a time, and after an interval, for another three or four weeks. During the rest of the year they are away in different directions, broken up into small bands, hunting or trapping. How best to meet this nomadic state to which they have been accustomed, and which in some cases is likely to continue; how in a word, to utilize the missionaries all the year round, is the pressing question just now. I am not sufficiently acquainted with all the facts that bear upon the question to venture an opinion, but it is of sufficient importance to warrant calling into council all those who have had most experience in Indian work. Changes will have to be introduced, but it is desirable not to introduce them lightly.

But what about the genuineness of Indian converts? it may be asked. How do they compare in character with average white-skinned Christians? Some people are skeptical about the Christianity of red men, or for that matter, about the Christianity of black, yellow, brown, or any other colour but white. They seem to think that each nation can have only a tutelary deity, just as in the old days when each nation had its own god, and even the Jews regarded Jehovah as little better than their national deity who was bound to protect them in return for the homage they paid Him. This notion arises in part from unbelief in the reality of man's spiritual nature, in part from conceit, and in part from lack of sympathy and consequent inability to appreciate the varieties of character presented by different races and nations. Fundamentally, all Christians are alike. As all needles point to one Pole, so all Christian hearts turn to one Saviour. Our hymn-books are made up of hymns contributed by all sec-

tions of the Church. But along with this fundamental unity, there are striking differences of race and nation. French, Russian, English, African, Chinese, Indian Christians are not like so many bricks in a brickyard. Each is after its own kind. Each is strong in some points, weak in others. The salient features are not the same, and each tribe and nation in its Philistine conceit, thinking its own type not only the best but the only right type, is quite blind to the superiority of other types, and to the community of life in which all rejoice.

Not only are the manifestations of the religious life and character of one people different from those of another, but in different centuries the same people may present the most marked varieties. For centuries the characteristic of the Jews was their ready yielding to the sensuous Nature-worship and consequent polytheism of the surrounding peoples; but from the time of their captivity in Babylon they have been characterized by a hatred of idolatry and a stubborn monotheism. Morally, they have also developed. Education has worked similar mighty changes in other peoples. Ignoring such considerations, the Philistine insists on judging every one by his own present standard of excellence. He expects the same virtues and tastes, and in the same relative proportions, from Indus to the Pole, and as he does not find them, he is confirmed in the conclusion with which he set out, that there are none righteous but himself, and those like himself. He laughs at the idea of a real Indian being a Christian. Why, the poor wretch wears a blanket, and would yield in an instant to the seduction of a bottle of whisky! Wise men know that missionaries are humbugs, and the people who support them, fools.

We have all met with these wise gentlemen, and heard their plausible speeches. It is impossible to gull them. They are men of the world, and have eyes in their heads. That settles the matter, you know.

It must be confessed that the average red-skinned Christian is not a high average. He is not fit to stand on the same platform with Britons who are "the heirs of all the ages," though these are classified by Mr. Matthew Arnold, whose language is always serene and select, because always drawn—as he prides himself—from the pure well of English undefiled,—into "higher classes materialized and null, middle classes purblind and

hideous, lower classes brutal and coarse." The Indian has lost his Pagan faith and it may be some of the virtues that were entwined with it, and he has not yet sucked in the new faith with his mother's milk, and got it into his bones and marrow, nerve and fibre. Think of the feelings of that missionary, with whom I was conversing on this subject only last month, who saw the work of years apparently defeated by one visit of whisky traders! He had gone to the tribe and had been warmly welcomed as the beneficent representative of the superior race, and of high Heaven itself. "We put our hands in yours," said the chief to him, "you know the way. We do not. We look to you." The words were not words of course. They were the words of a childlike spirit. But, alas! our children may be docile, and yet may yield to temptation. They obeyed him as children. They longed to be taught to read. They positively hungered for instruction. They crowded into his tent, and would hardly give him time to eat or sleep. They took the law from his mouth. In all matters of ritual or positive enactment they walked up to the line with a zealous scrupulosity. They observed private and family prayer. Nothing would tempt them to work on Sunday. The prayer-meeting was as well attended as the Sunday service. Who could doubt the reality of their conversion? But, one day the shepherd absented himself, and the serpent found entrance into the fold. Whisky was given at first, and then more whisky was willingly paid for. Next day, the missionary returned, to find his parish a pandemonium; chiefs drunk! church members drunk! women drunk! Not one had proved faithful. Furs, fish, buffalo meat, clothes, provisions for the winter, horses, rifles, all gone! Nothing left but the disgusting relics of a drunken orgie, and Satan—to whisper in his ear, "much good you are likely to do them! Pack up your traps and turn your face homeward, where you are likely to be appreciated." We know how Moses felt, when he came down and saw the people, who had talked most properly a few days before, dancing round the idol, and sporting in lascivious sport under the very shadow of the fenced Mount! Yet these were the people of the Lord, concerning whom the prophet wrote, "When Israel was a child, then I loved him, and called my son out of Egypt."

Ah, dear friend and fellow-traveller, many a year didst thou

bear with the weaknesses and sins of the poor red men, because thy Lord had borne with thine! You delighted to speak, not of their shortcomings, but of their patience and contentment, their submission under affliction, their childlike trust, yea, moreover, of their wonderful fervency in prayer and their earnest appeals to the unconverted. This testimony you sealed with your death.* And all who follow in your footsteps, and only those, are in a position to judge righteous judgment concerning Indian converts.

This summer, on my way to Winnipeg, a Methodist missionary told me stories of faith and self-sacrifice on their part that put many of us shame. Here is one, and I will give it as answer to those who doubt the reality of Indian conversions. A half-breed had served the Hudson Bay Company for many years at Norway House, and contrary to the habits of his people had saved a considerable sum of money. With this at his credit he moved down the Nelson River, and established himself as teacher and catechist among a band of Indians who had no one

* After the above was in type, I had occasion to look into a work which is one of my books of reference on the North-West: "Treaties of Canada with the Indians of the North-West," by the Honourable Alexander Morris, P.C. I found in Chap. IX., graceful allusion made to the last services rendered to the country and to the Indians by Mr. Macdougall, and these were so characteristic of the man that I cannot help calling attention to them. Official reports had been received in 1875 that uneasiness and discontent prevailed very generally among the Crees about Fort Carlton and the South Saskatchewan and Red Deer Rivers. No treaty had been made with them, yet they saw parties coming into their country, erecting telegraph poles, surveying for a railway, and acting as if the land belonged to them. The Indians were on the eve of an outbreak, yet Commissioners could not be sent to them to make a treaty. A shot fired, an angry word, would have led to the most deplorable consequences. In this emergency, Governor Morris heard that Mr. Macdougall was in Winnipeg, just about to start with his family for his distant field among the Assiniboines. He asked him to be an envoy to the discontented Indians, and assure them that next year Commissioners would be sent to make a treaty. The meaning of the request was that he should leave his family to make their long and perilous journey without him, while he went in another direction to visit successive bands of angry men, and pledge his word for the good faith of the Government. He obeyed not the call of nature, but, as his wont was, the call of duty, visited some four thousand Indians, and succeeded perfectly in his mission. His report to the Governor, which is to be found at pp. 173-5, of "Treaties of Canada with the Indians of the North-West," is exceedingly interesting, and to it I refer my readers.

to instruct them. There he has remained ever since, without fee or acknowledgement, devoting himself at his own charge to the work, and there he intends to remain as long as he has a cent to draw for his maintenance. Comparing his offerings with our ordinary offerings, we may hear the Searcher of Hearts declaring, "Of a truth this poor man hath cast into the Lord's treasury more than all of you; for you gave of your abundance; but he of his poverty hath given all that he had."

The Methodist Church of Canada has an honourable record in the history of the North-West and British Columbia. It seems to me, therefore, that it has an historical right to make that great land its main field of operations for the next half century. With regard to Home Missions in particular, or that department of work to which all the Churches are called, of following up the tide of immigration that is flowing from the older provinces and other countries, I would take the liberty of throwing out two remarks. First, there should be an understanding between the great Evangelical Churches, so that the ordinances of religion may be given to the people with as little cross-firing as possible between the Churches. This would be greatly to the saving of all our funds, the economizing of the time and strength of our missionaries, and the extension of the common work. A positive agreement on this subject has been come to in Australia betwen the Methodist, Episcopalian, and Presbyterian Churches. It is needed quite as much in the North-West as in Australia. Our Church has taken a step this year that will not only render more efficient the administration of its own work, but also facilitate any attempts that may be made to carry out such a brotherly understanding. It has unanimously appointed a superintendent of missions for the North-West, and the Presbytery—the body that is constitutionally charged with the work—instead of viewing the new office with suspicion, was the first to ask and even to press for its creation. A cordial understanding between our superintendent and a corresponding official in the Methodist Church—and I believe you have in one or other of your secretaries such an official—is desirable. Perhaps, the Mission Committees of the two Churches might see their way to make other suggestions or initiate practical methods of co-operation. We have had talk enough about our oneness in Christ, and prayer-meetings enough, if these have prepared us for nothing practical when the

call for practical steps is so loud and near. Actual proofs of our confidence in each other should be shown. These would save the pockets and touch the hearts of the people, and prove to the world that there is a common Christianity uniting us.

Secondly, I would take the liberty of saying that no Church can afford to send any but well-educated missionaries to the North-West. It is not now and there as it was half a century ago in Ontario and in the great West of the United States. Our educational efforts have not been thrown away, and the great mass of the new settlers are the very cream of our own population, and educated young men from Great Britain. Missionary zeal is required to reach these, and the zeal of men of sense and culture. Any other agents will simply discredit the Church and do harm rather than good. Such are the agents, too, that—so far as I have seen—the Churches are sending. Surely then the first duty of the Methodist Church of Canada, in the premises, is to equip its educational institutions, so as to bring them up to the highest possible point of efficiency. Victoria University has done a noble work in the past. Almost single-handed, Principal Nelles has toiled for a lifetime; and when I read the earnest appeal made by him at the Convocation, last June, I felt sure that the appeal of such a man to such a Church would not be made in vain. I have been looking into the actual condition of those universities in Canada that have invited me to visit them, and I may say in a word that Victoria requires about a quarter of a million of dollars to put her in the position that her past history and the present needs of the Church and country demand. This amount cannot be raised by five dollar subscriptions. It must be given by the men who are looking out for investments, and who find that safe investments at eight or nine per cent. are not now to be had. A better investment than one of ten thousand dollars for scholarships or a fellowship, or thirty thousand dollars for a chair in Victoria, could not be desired. Doubtless, there are men who intend to leave money for these objects. Not a word can be said against such a way of doing good. But fellow-countrymen and brother Christians, there is a more excellent way. You should see some of the fruits of your liberality, you should get some interest from your investment in your own lifetime.

It may be thought that I have spoken too freely in the pre-

ceding pages on subjects on which the Methodist Church of Canada is alone, or at any rate primarily, interested. If so, the fault is wholly mine. I have not spoken on a single subject at the suggestion of any other man. My only plea in defence is that I have always felt in addressing Methodists that I could use an apostolic liberty and plainness of speech.

---

## THE PENITENT'S CONFIDENCE.

BY J. W. SAVAGE.

To Thee, my Lord, I flee,
My bondage I deplore,
Praying to be set free,
That I may sin no more,—
Pity O Lord, my misery,
And help me to believe on Thee.

Thou know'st how I am weak,
How much by sin oppress'd,
How I'm resolved to seek,
Until in mercy bless'd,
Till I'm for Jesus' sake forgiven,
Whose merits yield the hope of Heaven.

How precious is Thy name,
Inspiring in my soul,
The confidence to claim,
The grace to make me whole—
The blood that doth for me atone,
By which I now am saved alone.

I feel its power within,
And now rejoice to say,
It cleanseth from all sin,
And I'm resolved to pray;
That others may the blessing prove,
The Christian's joy of perfect love.

Henceforth I will extol,
The Saviour's love supreme,
And publish unto all,
This unexhausted theme,
Till glory ends what grace begun,
And I've my race with patience run.

# VALERIA,

## *THE MARTYR OF THE CATACOMBS.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CATACOMBS OF ROME AND THEIR TESTIMONY."

### CHAPTER XXIII.—THE MAMERTINE PRISON.

Let us now turn our attention to the fate of the characters in our tale of Christian trial and triumph, around whom its interest chiefly centres. They have been consigned to one of the most dismal of the many gloomy dungeons of Rome—the thrice terrible Mamertine prison—haunted with memories of long centuries of cruelty and crime. Manacled each to a Roman soldier, Adauctus, Aurelius, Demetrius, and Callirhoë, together with other Christians condemned to martyrdom, marched through the streets under the noontide glare of a torrid sun. A guard armed *cap à pié*, flung open an iron-studded door, and admitted them to a gloomy vault a few steps below the level of the street. Here a brawny Vulcan, with anvil and hammer, with many a brutal gibe smote off the fetters that linked the prisoners and soldiers together, and riveted them again so that these victims of oppression were bound together in pairs. Sometimes it happened that one of a pair thus bound together died, and the survivor endured the horror of being inseparably fettered to a festering corpse. To this the apostle refers when, groaning over the corruptions of his sinful nature, he exclaims: "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

"My dainty lady," said the hideous Cyclops, as he rudely seized the arm of Callirhoë, "this is not the sort of bracelet you've been used to wear. I should not much mind being bound to such as you myself, only I would prefer silken fetters to those iron gyves." Then, as she shrank from his touch and winced as he bruised her tender flesh in unriveting the fetters, he said, with an insolent jeer, "I wont hurt you more than I can help, my beauty. You are not used to having such a rough chamberlain;" and he uttered a coarse jest with which we shall not pollute our page.

A rosy flush stormed the brow of the maiden as she turned her blushing cheek to the mildewed and cold stone wall, in haughty silence disdaining a word of reply to the brutal ruffian.

"Nay, my fine gentlemen," went on this typical Roman jailer, as Adauctus and the aged Demetrius, weary with their march, sank upon a stone bench, "this is too luxurious an apartment for you. For you we have a deeper depth." And he pointed to an opening in the floor, hitherto unnoticed in the gloom. "Nay, you need not shrink, old man," he went on, as Demetrius recoiled from the grave-like opening at his feet. "Your betters have been there before you."

"Father, your blessing e'er you go," exclaimed Callirhoë, and flinging herself on his breast, she received his kiss and benediction.

By means of a leathern strap beneath their arms, the prisoners were one by one let down into a hideous vault, like men to a living burial. Into this lower dungeon no beam of light struggled, save a precarious ray from the opening in the floor above. The loathsome cell was even then dank with the slime of well-nigh a thousand years, its construction being attributed to Ancus Martius, the fourth king of Rome. Here the African prince, Jugurtha, was starved to death. "What a cold bath is this!" he exclaimed, as he descended into its chilly gloom. Here the Gallic king, Vercingetorix, also died. Here the usurper Sejanus was executed, and here the fellow conspirators of Cataline lingered to death. If we would accept Roman tradition, we would also believe that St. Peter and St. Paul were immured in this dismal vault, and in the case of the latter illustrious martyr it is more than likely that the story is true. A stairway has now been constructed to this lower depth, and the present writer has stood upon the stone pavement worn by the feet of generations of victims of oppression, and has drunk of a spring at which the Apostle of the Gentiles may have quenched his thirst.

The prisoners enjoyed not long even this sad reprieve from death. They were destined soon to finish their course by a glorious martyrdom. The Emperors determined to gratify at once their own persecuting fury and the cruel thirst for blood of the Roman mob, by offering a holocaust of victims in the amphitheatre. The *Acta Diurna*, a sort of public gazette of the day, which circulated in the great houses, and baths, and other places of concourse, contained the announcement of a grand exhibition of the *ludi circenses*, or gladiatorial games, to be celebrated in honour of the god Neptune—*Neptunus Equestris*. In the public

spaces of the Forum, and in the neighbourhood of the Flavian Amphitheatre and elsewhere, where the crowd around them would not obstruct the highway, were displayed large white bulletin boards, on which were written in coloured chalks a list of the games—like the playbills which placard the streets of great cities to-day—and heralds proclaimed through every street, even in the crowded Ghetto, the splendour of the approaching games. These were on a scale of which no modern manager ever dreamed. Trajan exhibited games which lasted a hundred and twenty-three days, in which 10,000 gladiators fought and 11,000 fierce animals were killed. Sometimes the vast arena was flooded with water, and *naumachia* or sea-fights were exhibited. The vast flood-gates and cisterns by which this was accomplished may still be seen.

The chief attraction of the games provided by the Emperors Diocletian and Galerius, however, was not the conflict of what might almost be called armies of trained gladiators, nor the slaughter of hundreds of fierce Libyan leopards and Numidian lions, but the sacrifice of some scores of helpless and unarmed Christians—old men, weak women, and tender and innocent children.

There was much excitement in the schools of the gladiators—vast stone barracks, where they were drilled in their dreadful trade. They were originally captives taken in war, or condemned malefactors; but in the degenerate days of the Empire, knights, senators, and soldiers sought distinction in the arena, and even unsexed women fought half-naked in the ring, or lay dead and trampled in the sands. To captives of war was often offered, as a reward for special skill or courage, their freedom, and fierce and fell were conflicts to which men were spurred by the double incentives of life and liberty.

Special interest was given to the forthcoming games by the distinguished reputation of one of the volunteer gladiators, a brilliant young military officer, our friend Ligurius Rufus, who, sated and sickened with the most frenzied dissipations that Rome could offer, plunged into this mimic war to appease by its excitement the gnawing *ennui* of his life.

The bets ran high upon the reckless young noble who was the favourite of the sporting spendthrifts and profligates of the city. The vilest condition of society that ever cursed the earth was filling up the measure of its iniquity, and invoking the wrath of

Heaven. The wine shops in the Suburra and the gladiators' quarter were overflowing with a brawling, blaspheming, drunken mob, the vilest dregs of the vilest city the patient earth has ever borne upon its bosom.

---

### CHAPTER XXIV.—THE EVE OF MARTYRDOM.

Far different was the scene presented by another spot not far distant—a vaulted chamber beneath the stone seats of the Coliseum, whither the destined Christian martyrs had been removed on the eve before the day of their triumph. As an act of grace, some coarse straw, the refuse of a lion's lair, had been given them, and the relief to their fetter-cramped limbs, stiffened with lying on a rough stone floor, was in itself an indescribable delight. But they had a deeper cause of joy. They were found worthy to witness a good confession for Christ before Cæsar, like the beloved Apostle Paul; and even as their Lord Himself before Pontius Pilate. And now the day of their espousals to their Heavenly Bridegroom was at hand.

The silvery-haired Demetrius, a holy calm beaming in his eyes, uttered words of peace and comfort. The coarse black barley-bread and muddy wine which had been given them lest death should cheat the mob of their promised delight on the morrow, the venerable priest had consecrated to the Supper of the Lord—the last viaticum to strengthen their souls on their journey to the spirit world. Sitting at his feet, faint and wan, but with a look of utter content upon her face, was his daughter Callirhoë, a heavenly smile flickering about her lips. With an undaunted courage, a heroic resolve beaming from his eyes, stood Adauctus, waiting, like a valiant soldier at his post, the welcome word of the great Captain of his salvation: "Well done! good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Ever and anon the deep-mouthed roar of a hungry lion rent the air, his fierce bound shook the walls of his cage, and his hot breath came through the bars as he keenly sniffed the smell of human flesh. But though it caused at times a tremor of the quivering nerves of the wan and wasted girl, it shook not her unfaltering soul. Listen to the holy words calmly spoken by the venerable Demetrius: "'*Non turbetur cor vestrum*—Let not your heart be troubled. In my Father's house are many mansions.

I go to prepare a place for you.' Yes, daughter. Yes, brave friend; before another sun shall set we shall see the King in His beauty, and the land that is very far off. Mine aged eyes shall see, too, the beloved Rachel of my youth, to behold whom they have ached these many years. And thou, child, shalt see the mother after whom thy heart hath yearned."

"If only, dear father, my brother Ezra were with us," whispered Callirhoë, "we soon would be an unbroken family in the city of the great King."

"God's will be done, my child," answered the patriarch. "He doeth all things well. He could bid His angels fly swiftly, and shut the lions' mouths, or better still, convoy our spirits to the marriage supper of the Lamb—to the repose of Abraham's bosom. Your brother is a child of the covenant, an heir of the promises, the son of many prayers. God will count him also in the day when He maketh up His jewels." Then, as if gifted with the spirit of prophecy, he exclaimed: "Not always shall the servants of the Most High be persecuted unto death. But this very structure, now dedicated to slaughter and cruelty, shall hereafter be consecrated to the service of the true God"—a prediction which, after long centuries, has been literally fulfilled.

Thus in holy converse wore the hours away. And then through the rocky vaults of the Coliseum stole the sweet accents of their last evening hymn before they should sing the song of Moses and the Lamb on high:—

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

"I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress, my God, in Him will I trust.

"He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

"Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot."

As this pæan of triumph swelled into louder strain, the gladiators, awed by its strange power, paused amid their ribald jests, and even the lion hushed his hungry roar, and the tiger his angry growl.

CHAPTER XXV.—A ROMAN HOLIDAY.

Early next morning the army of slaves who had charge of the Coliseum, under the direction of Fulvus, the freedman, were hard at work. Some at the very summit of the building, with much shouting and pulling of ropes, were stretching the great *velarium* or awning, as a protection from the rays of the sun. Others were sweeping the sand of the arena to a smooth and even surface. Many cart loads of fresh sand were heaped around the base of the *podium*, for the ghastly purpose of being spread upon the blood-stained surface after each act of the sanguinary drama of the day. Others were decorating with garlands of flowers, and with gold and purple bannerets, the seats of the Emperors Diocletian and Galerius, and those of the senators and other persons of distinction. The great structure seemed even more striking in its vastness, as a few score figures crawled like flies over its empty seats, than when filled with its tumultuous throng of spectators. It was an immense oval six hundred and fifteen feet in its longer diameter, and five hundred and ten feet in the shorter. The circling seats rose tier on tier to the giddy height of one hundred and fifty feet.

As the present writer climbed those cliff-like walls, now crumbling into ruin, he tried to re-people those long-deserted seats with the eager and excited throngs which had often filled them to overflowing, when twice eighty thousand cruel eyes were wont to gloat upon the dying martyr's pang, "butchered to make a Roman holiday."* Then he wandered through the vast vaulted corridors and stairways, eighty in number, and bearing still the old Roman numerals by which access was gained to the different galleries. These were so capacious that the whole multitude could in a few minutes disperse, and were thence called *vomitoria*. He then explored the dens and caves for the wild beasts, and the rocky chambers in which the gladiators and martyr victims awaited the signal that called them to their doom. The row of

*On this very arena perished the venerable Ignatius, linked by tradition with the Saviour Himself as one of the children whom He took in His arms and blessed. "Suffer me to be the food of wild beasts," he exclaimed, "by whom I shall attain unto God. For I am the wheat of God, and I shall be ground by the teeth of wild beasts, that I may become the pure bread of Christ."

seats just above the *podium* was reserved for the equestrian order; those higher still, for the *populus*, or common people; and the highest of all, for persons of the lowest rank. Early in the day, multitudes of spectators began to arrive, mostly arrayed in gala dress, and many wearing the colours of their favourite gladiatorial champion. With a loud flourish of trumpets the great gates of the imperial entrance opened, and the chariots of the Emperors and their respective *suites* entered and took their places in the grand tribune reserved for these august occupants. It was noted with dissatisfaction by the multitude that neither of the Empresses Prisca or Valeria, were present. But the withered old crone Fausta, mother of Galerius, seemed to gloat like a foul harpy on the anticipated spectacle of blood, and near by was her sinister shadow, the black-browed priest of Cybele.

Our old acquaintance, Burdo, the butcher, was rubicund with joy at the approaching conflict, for which, he said, he long had hungered. "But why," he asked, "are not their majesties, the Empresses, in the state tribune. 'Tis a contempt of a festival sacred to the gods."

"Our dainty Empress," jeered Samos, the "Flat-nose," "has small stomach to see her friends the Christians given to the lions, and I suspect the old one is tarred with the same stick."

"If I thought that I'd denounce her myself," growled Bruto, the gladiator; "Empress or slave, the crime of being a Christian levels all ranks."

"And lose your head for your pains," chimed in Piso, the barber. "Don't you know that she winds the Emperor round her finger like a silken thread."

"Does she favour the accursed Nazarenes?" croaked Ephraim, the Jew. "May the same fate overtake her."

"I thought they were friends of yours," said our old friend Max, who was one of the soldiers on guard. "They say this Christus whom they worship was a Jew."

We dare not repeat the wicked imprecation which burst from the lips of the exasperated Israelite. But it is notorious that the Jews were far more malignant persecutors of the Christians than even the Pagans themselves—as is apparent from the Acts of the Apostles and other records of the early Church.

The time for beginning the games having come, the priest of Neptune poured a libation to the god, and heaped incense on his

altar, placed near the Imperial tribune. In this act of worship —for these old gods were worshipped with the blood of men slain as a holiday pageant—he was followed by the Emperors and their chief officers.

Then with another peal of trumpets a procession of gladiators in burnished armour entered the arena and marched around its vast circuit. Pausing before the tribune of the Emperors they chanted with a loud voice: "*Cæsares Augusti, morituri salutarus vos*—Great Cæsars, we who are about to die salute you."

First there was a sort of sham battle—*prælusio*, as it was called, in which the gladiators fought with wooden swords. But the multitude were speedily impatient of that, and demanded the combat *a l'outrance*—to the death.

"We came not here to witness such child's play as that," said Burdo, the butcher. "I want to see the blood flow as it does in my own shambles;" a brutal sentiment which met with much favour from his neighbours.

Soon their desires were gratified. First there was a combat of *Andabatæ*, that is, men who wore helmets without any aperture for the eyes, so that they were obliged to fight blindfold, and thus excited the mirth of the spectators. Although they inflicted some ugly wounds upon each other, none of these were mortal, and the mob called loudly for the *Hoplomachi*, who were next on the play-bill. These were men who fought in a complete suit of armour. They were as completely encased as crabs in their shells, but as they could see each other through the bars of their visors, they were able skilfully to direct their weapons at the joints of their antagonist's armour. Soon the arena was red with blood, and more than one victim lay dead and trampled on the sands.

"Good! this is something like the thing," cried Burdo. "But these fellows are so cased in their shells it is hard to get at them. Let us have the *Retiarii*."

"Yes, the *Retiarii* and *Mirmillones*," shouted the mob; and they soon marched upon the scene.

This conflict promised abundance of excitement. The *Retiarii* wore no armour, and their only weapons were a net (*rete*, hence their name) and a trident or three-pronged spear. The *Retiarius* endeavoured to throw the net over his antagonist, and then to despatch him with the spear. If he missed his aim in throwing

his net, he betook himself to flight, and endeavoured to prepare his net for a second cast, while his adversary followed him round the arena in order to kill him before he could make a second attempt. It was a cruel sport, and kindled to fury the fierce passions of the eager spectators.

Then came a conflict between skilled gladiators—the most accomplished swordsmen of the gladiatorial school. The vast multitude watched with fevered interest the wary fencing, the skilful guard and rapid thrust and stroke of those trained butchers of their fellow-men. When a swordsman was wounded, the spectators rent the air with cries of "*Habet! Habet!*" and the one who was vanquished lowered his arms in token of submission. His fate, however, depended upon the will of the people, who sometimes, when a vanquished swordsman had exhibited especial dexterity and skill, gave the signal to spare him by stretching out their hands with the thumbs turned down. But if, as was more frequently the case, their bloodthirsty passions were roused to insatiable fury, they demanded his death by turning their thumbs upwards, and shouting, "*Recipe ferrum!*" Without a tremor the victim then bared his breast to the sword, and the victor thrust it home to the hilt, while the cruel mob shouted their huzzas over the bloody tragedy.

Such is the scene brought vividly before our minds by the matchless antique statue of the Dying Gladiator, found in the Gardens of Sallust, now in the museum of the Capitol. As one gazes with a strange fascination on that wondrous marble, instinct, it seems, with mortal agony, callous must be the heart that is unmoved by its touching pathos. The exquisite lines of Byron nobly express the emotions which it awakens in every breast:—

I see before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops ebbing slow
From the red gash fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away.

He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
*There* were his young barbarians all at play,
*There* was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday.

An unwonted interest was given to this cruel scene in the Roman amphitheatre, by a novel and unheard of incident which occurred. The brilliant young Roman officer, Ligurius Rufus, we have said, was announced to take part in these games. It was no uncommon thing for military fops, eager to win the applause of the multitude, or to goad their jaded weariness of life into a momentary excitement by a spice of real danger, to enter the lists of the arena; and Ligurius was at once the most brilliant swordsman in the Twelfth Legion, and the most *ennuyée* and world-weary man in Rome.

He was pitted against a brawny Hercules, the strongest and hugest of the whole school of gladiators—a British prisoner of war, who had been long the pride and boast of the arena. As they stood face to face, the young officer in burnished armour, inlaid with silver and gold, and the mighty thews of his opponent encased in leather and bronze, the betting was heavy in favour of the British giant. Each felt that he had a foeman worthy of his steel. They walked warily around each other, each watching with eager eye every movement of his antagonist. Every thrust on either side was skilfully parried, any advantage of strength on the part of the British warrior being matched by the superior nimbleness of the Roman officer. At last a rapid thrust by Ligurius severed a tendon in the sword-arm of his foe, and it fell nerveless by his side. With a giant effort the disabled warrior sprang upon the Roman as if to crush him by sheer weight; but Ligurius nimbly sprang aside, and his antagonist, slipping in the gory sand, fell headlong to the ground. In an instant the Roman's foot was on his neck and his sword at his breast. With a courteous gesture, Ligurius raised his sword and waved it toward the Emperors' tribune and to the crowded seats of the *podium*, as if asking the signal to spare the vanquished gladiator, while the despairing look of the latter seemed with mute eloquence to ask for life. "*Habet! Habet!*" rang round the Coliseum, but not a single sign of mercy was made, not a single thumb was reversed. "*Recipe ferrum,*" roared the mob

at the prostrate giant; and then shouted to Ligurius, "*Occide! Occide!*—Kill! Kill!"

The gallant Roman heeded them as he would heed the howl of wolves. "I am not a butcher," he said, with a defiant sneer, and he sheathed his sword and, much to the surprise of his discomfitted foe, lent his hand to raise him from the ground.

"You are a brave man," he said, "I want you as a standard bearer for the Twelfth Legion. That is better than making worm's meat of you. Rome may need such soldiers before long."

The Emperors were not unwilling to grant this novel request of a favourite officer, and the grateful creature, in token of his fidelity, humbly kissed the hand of Ligurius, and followed him from the arena. The cruel mob, however, angered at being deprived of their anticipated spectacle of blood, howled with rage, and demanded the crowning scene of the day's sports—the conflict between the wild beasts and the Christian martyrs.

These hateful scenes had become the impassioned delight of all classes, from the Emperors to the "vile plebs" of Rome. Even woman's pitiful nature forgot its tenderness, and maids and matrons gloated on the cruel spectacle, and the honour was reserved for the Vestal Virgin to give the signal for the mortal stroke. Such scenes created a ferocious thirst for blood throughout society. They overthrew the altar of pity, and impelled to every excess and refinement of barbarity. Even children imitated the cruel sport in their games, schools of gladiators were trained for the work of slaughter, and women fought in the arena or lay dead and trampled in the sand.

It is to the eternal praise of Christianity that it suppressed these odious contests, and forever averted the sword of the gladiator from the throat of his victim. The Christian city of Constantinople was never polluted by the atrocious exhibition. A Christian poet eloquently denounced the bloody spectacle. A Christian monk, roused to indignation by the hateful scene, leaped over the barrier to separate the gladiators in the very frenzy of conflict. The maddened mob, enraged at this interruption of their sport, stoned him to death. But his heroic martyrdom produced a moral revulsion against the practice, and the laws of Honorius, to use the language of Gibbon, "abolished forever the human sacrifices of the amphitheatre."

It remains to notice in another chapter the last scene in the stern drama of this "Roman holiday."

## "NEARER MY GOD TO THEE!"

This language was the heart-utterance of Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams, who was born in Cambridge, England, in February, 1805, and whose history has been but very slightly known to the great public, who have cherished her hymns as one of the most sacred treasures for nearly half a century. Her father was the editor of a weekly Cambridge paper. Her mother was a woman of fine gifts and culture, and she herself was the youngest child. She was noted in early life for the taste she manifested in literature, and in maturer years for great zeal and earnestness in her religious life. She contributed prose and verse to the periodicals of the day, and her art criticisms were valued. Married at an early age, and of frail constitution, she still, amid many bodily sufferings, kept her pen busy, her thoughts and writings always tending upwards. At what time and amid what circumstances she caught the inspiration from which she evolved that wonderful hymn which has since echoed round and round the globe, is not known; but it was probably during some period of peculiar trial, when her spirit was uplifted through sorrow almost above its earthly body. She little dreamed that her hymn, like those of Toplady, Charlotte Elliot, and Ray Palmer, would be heard through the ages.

It was first published in 1841, in a volume of sacred lyrics, issued by Mr. Fox, of England, just eight years before the death of the gifted authoress, who only lived to the age of 44, and thus never knew the fame that was to attach to her hymn and her name. The hymn soon began to appear in various collections, and was everywhere received with delight. It was given the tune "Bethany," which became very popular in this country. Everybody who has grown up in a Christian land knows it by heart, and in many countries which do not float the banner of Christ, it is almost equally familiar.

"Last year," says Dr. Cuyler, in his "Heart Life," "Professors Smith, Hitchcock, and Park, as they wound their way down the foot-hills of Mount Lebanon, came in sight of a group of fifty Syrian students, standing in a line, singing in chorus. They were the students of the new 'College of Beirut,' at Abieh, and

they were singing in Arabic to the tune of 'Bethany.' As the procession drew near they caught the sublime words :—

"'Nearer my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.'

"'I am not much given to the weeping mood,' said Professor Hitchcock, when describing the thrilling scene; 'but when we rode through the ranks of those Syrian youths, I confess that my eyes were a little damp.'

"If it be permitted to the departed people of God," continues Dr. Cuyler, "to witness the transactions of earth, we may imagine with what rapture the glorified spirit of Sarah Flower Adams heard her heart-song thus chanted in the land of sacred history." —*Boston Musical Herald.*

---

## FAITHFUL IN LITTLE THINGS.

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky:

The trivial round, the common task
Will furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Seek we no more: content with these,
Let present rapture, comforts, ease,
As heaven shall bid them, come and go;
The secret thus, of rest below.

Only, Oh Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
Help us, this day, and every day
To live more nearly as we pray.

—*Keble.*

## THE HIGHER LIFE.

### Christian Purity.

There is nothing towards which Christian hearts should yearn with such unfeigned longing as a pure life. It is a pearl of the greatest price. Jesus pronounced this eulogium upon it, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." The great and good of past ages have earnestly toiled for this, and many counted not their lives dear unto them that they may be found in Him, not having on their own righteousness, but that which is by faith in Jesus. But alas! this purity is the very opposite of our natural condition. The most melancholy picture upon which man ever looked, is the picture of his state by nature drawn by the Spirit of God—full of wounds, bruises, and putrifying sores, no soundness at all. But, thank God, there is balm in Gilead, and a great Physician there. From Calvary's streaming cross there flows a fountain to cleanse and purify every human heart. Its virtue has been tested by millions of impure souls. No moral leper ever dipped into this Jordan without being cleansed. A woman with seven devils; a disciple who denied his Lord with oaths and curses; a fierce Pharisaical fanatic, who persecuted the infant Church, and millions of others have been cleansed and raised into a new and blessed life. And so there is hope for us. Only let us trust Jesus by a simple faith in the efficacy of His blood, and He will make our hearts pure, then we shall have pure thoughts, pure words, and a pure life.

This purity touches the *whole* life, not merely is a bad habit broken off there and a patch of mended resolutions put on here; but Jesus covers us with the garment of His righteousness, and "we walk in the light as He is in the light, and the blood of Jesus cleanseth us from all sin." "As the hart panteth after the water brooks," so let us pant after the purity of God. We should not be content always to dwell in the vale of repentance, and contemplate the first rapturous joy of faith—but leaving these first principles let us go unto perfection. A perfect faith—a perfect love—a perfect walk with God. So let our daily prayer be:—

"Oh! for a closer walk with God,
A pure and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb."

### Holiness.

It is to be feared that many are seeking holiness who are seeking it as a sort of indefinite "blessing" or "power." They should seek Christ, the source of all power and every blessing. It is true we are to covet earnestly the best gifts. But there is a more excellent way than "gifts." Holiness is something we are to *be*, not something we are to have. Holiness is an inherent attribute of the child of God, not a superadded quality; and the way to have the attribute is to be, and continue to be, a true child of God, by faith in Christ Jesus.

In urging people to seek holiness there is danger—doubtless unintended and unconscious—lest an abstract "blessing" may be sought, rather than the Divine One who blesses. We should take care lest we fix our attention upon the effect, and lose sight of the gloriously efficient cause. When the mind is taken up with the idea of "getting a blessing," it is occupied more or less with self, and with an expectancy of experiencing some new good feeling, or finding a light or joy hitherto unfelt. But when the heart is thus occupied with self and expected or desired "blessings," it is somehow hindered from rightly "looking unto Jesus." A little jewel may be held so near the eye that the sun is hidden, and a blessing may be so held before the heart that the light in the face of Christ Jesus may be shut off from the eye of faith.

### Spiritual Wings.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew," or change, "their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint." There is a fellowship in waiting, for "therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious unto you." It is in this fellowship that we come to an acquaintance with Him, so near and close, that the strength of His nature is imparted to us. Waiting with God, the soul forgets herself, her doubts, her fears, her weakness. She rises out of mists; she soars; she is no longer the weary soul that carried sorrow and sin and tears in such a

heavy burden. She has found her wings—wings of faith, wings of trust, wings of desire, wings of hope—broad, restful wings of peace, on which she poises in mid-heaven, and pours out her melody of praise and thanksgiving.

Waiting thus with God the soul "changes" (so the margin) her strength. How changed indeed! Where is the old weariness and faintness in service? Where the tired questioning at seeming failure or delay of success? Where the shrinking wish to hide away from toil, and leave others to battle in the strife? So changed is she by waiting upon Him, in whom is everlasting strength, that now she is eager for all service, or ready patiently to endure. She runs with joyful step when opportunities are numerous and calls pressing, yet walks steadily and firmly when the path is obstructed, and the way must be chosen carefully in rough places of discouragement. "My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from Him."

—"I am oppressed even now in my work with a heavy burden, being, as a sinner, a veteran in the ranks of sinners, but an untrained recruit in the service of the King Eternal. The wisdom of this world I have, unhappily, hitherto regarded with admiration, and devoting myself to literature which I now see to be unprofitable, and wisdom which I now reject, I was in the sight of God foolish and dumb. When I had become old in the fellowship of my enemies, and had laboured in vain in my thoughts, I lifted mine eyes to the mountains, looking up to the precept of the law and to the gifts of grace, whence my help came from the Lord, who, not requiting me according to mine iniquity, enlightened my blindness, loosed my bonds, humbled me who had been sinfully exalted, in order that He might exalt me when graciously humbled."—*St. Augustine.*

—Have you ever read "The Ancient Mariner?" I dare say you thought it one of the strangest imaginations ever put together; dead men pulling the rope, dead men steering. But do you know I have lived to see that time, have seen it done? I have gone into churches and have seen a dead man in the pulpit, a dead man as a deacon, a dead man handling the plate, and dead men sitting to hear.

# CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL.

This great gathering has attracted even more attention than was anticipated. The great London dailies had their reporters present, and even here in Canada a leading journal, at great expense, had a special cable despatch sent day after day. These, of course, gave only an outline of its proceedings, and at the time of the present writing the fuller reports have not come to hand. They are sufficient to inform us, however, of the important subjects which come before the Council, and of the general drift of the utterances upon them.

Bishop Simpson preached the opening sermon, expounding the doctrine of the divine creation of the heavens and the earth, which, he argued, could not be disproved by any of the so-called teachings of science. The success of Methodism, he said, could only be accounted for by the fact that it is instinct with the divine spirit of life. The successive assemblages of great Protestant bodies during late years, foreshadowed that there would, at no distant day, be an Œcumenical Conference of Evangelical Christians of every denomination.

The sermon produced a profound impression. The idea conveyed was that Christ's words showed the real life of Methodism. The speaker then traced the history of Methodism, and showed that its great strength was in the study of the Bible. Experience shows how great is the peril in neglecting to study the Bible. The discourse was pronounced matchless.

It is extremely gratifying to find Canadian Methodism so well represented. The address of our own Dr. Douglas on the opening day, is highly spoken of. Of this we hope to give a full report hereafter. Special prayers were offered up, according to a resolution of the Conference, for President Garfield, by Mr. W. Shepherd Allen, M.P. for Newcastle-under-Lyme, in order to show the sympathy of the whole Methodist body with the American people at the present crisis.

The Lord Mayor's reception took place in the evening, and a most hearty welcome was extended to all. Brief responses were made by Bishop Warren, Bishop Payne (a coloured delegate), and Drs. Newman, Tiffany, and McFerrin. Music and refreshments followed, Wesley's hymns were sung, and the whole scene at the Mansion House was brilliant and unique.

The relations of Methodism to Temperance, Sabbath observance, the instruction of the young, and active Evangelistic work, have all attracted much attention. The importance of lay preaching was duly emphasized, and Dr. Warren, in discussing the specially Methodist feature of itinerant preaching, even went so far as to suggest that an army of travelling Evangelists should be enlisted throughout the world, whose duty should be to go to and fro preaching the Gospel and teaching the people.

In the discussion of "Methodism and the Young," all the speakers upheld the view of the immense importance of Sunday-school work as an element in the Christian training of the young, and as a means of retaining them as useful members of the Church.

In discussing the possible perils of Methodism from the papacy, from sacerdotalism and its connected errors, from modern skepticism in its different forms and manifestations, the general feeling expressed by the speakers during an animated discussion was strongly against Methodists sending children to Romish educational institutions under any circumstances whatever.

Rev. Mr. Todd, of Philadelphia, treating of the dangers from modern skepticism in its various seductive

forms, maintained that skepticism masquerading as science was the great enemy of the Church of Christ, and could not be too vigorously combatted, a sentiment which appeared from the applause to meet with general acceptance.

Dr. J. W. McKay, of the Irish Methodist Church, read a paper of indiscriminate condemnation of the theatre, games of chance, charades, etc. The Sabbath, he declared, was a day for rest, and so for recreation, but only by its religious refreshment. The character of refreshment one gets from a Sabbath well spent should indicate the kind of recreation a Christian should take on a week day. Dr. Buckley, editor of the New York *Christian Advocate*, strongly opposed theatres and dancing; but declared that it would be unwise and suicidal to attempt to debar members of the Church from innocent amusements.

When we think of the jealousies, the strifes, and even bloodshed, which have characterized other so-called Œcumenical Councils—"the pitched battles," as Dean Stanley has called them, "of ecclesiastical history"—we are struck with the concord and unity of spirit exhibited in this. The London *Times*, in an editorial on this great gathering, says:—"The Methodist Œcumenical Conference appears in some very important points to offer favourable comparison with other religious conferences. There is really no sign of squabbling, but a common resolution to do as much good as possible is so universal and strong that it overpowers the petty selfishness which creates much friction in other more elaborate machines"

The Council showed itself to be fully abreast of the spirit of the times in recognizing the importance of upholding the substitution of arbitration instead of war as a means for the settlement of international difficulties; and a resolution framed in strong terms affirming such a principle was passed amidst great enthusiasm. In discussing the use of the press for the advancement of Christianity, such as the publication of denominational literature, and by periodical publications of every grade for adults and juveniles, the daily press, and the use to be made of it by the Church, the Rev. C. K. Marshall, of Vicksburg, recommended the establishment of a well-endowed Church newspaper, which would do as much for the Church as the great universities. He praised the American press for the willingness with which it did the work of the Church by reporting the Church services.

The balance of opinion seemed to favour the promotion of religious papers.

In connection with the Conference a meeting was held, at which fraternal greetings were exchanged with deputations of Independents, Baptists, Moravians, and Presbyterians. Dr. M. Simpson presided.

In the Conference, Mr. Sutherland, of Georgetown, read an essay suggesting the best method to reach the unconverted section of the richer classes.

Delegate Antliff held that itinerancy must continue; but in exceptional cases a long stay might be necessary and not injurious. Mr. Arthur claimed that the wants and needs of the present system of itinerancy should be adapted to the future. In dispersed populations, where labour was diffused, itinerancy should be different from that in condensed populations, where labour was condensed. Itinerancy has done less for London than for any other four millions of English-speaking people.

A resolution was unanimously carried protesting against any system of State regulation of vice.

On Saturday, the 17th, the subject of Foreign Missions was discussed, and a resolution with an addendum adopted, condemning the opium trade, and calling upon the Government to suppress it.

On the receipt of the news of the death of the President, the Conference engaged in prayer for his family and for the American republic.

In reference to the relation of Methodism and the coloured race, Mr. Riel, a coloured delegate, said that as the negro question in the

United States had been solved by Christianity, so would the evangelization of Africa be best completed by American negroes. Mr. Buckley, of New York, argued that laymen were the best advocates of missions, but they must give as well as speak.

Notice was given of a motion in favour of the erection of a monument to Wesley in London.

On September 20th, the Council closed, with the adoption of an address to all Methodists, which was read by Bishop Peck and signed by the representatives of every Wesleyan body, recommending the views favoured at the various sittings, and calling upon all to co-operate in the work of Christ; to maintain the traditional Methodist means for the promotion of earnestness, and declaring that a call should go forth for a great spiritual awakening.

Dr. Rigg, of the Wesleyan Church, offered some practical suggestions, by which the different Methodist Churches might work together in more harmony. There were collisions, he said, which ought to be obviated, if scandals were to be avoided. Some, among whom was Dr. Reid, denied that there were any collisions to speak of. The Conference, however, appointed a committee of four to report a plan by which all danger of rivalries between missions of different Churches may be obviated. A committee was also appointed to prepare a pastoral address to all the Churches. The farewell reception proposed at Liverpool was given up.

The meeting of the next Council in America, in 1887, was authorized.

Thus closed the greatest and most harmonious gathering of Methodists ever held. The work accomplished was admirably described in the programme issued by the Cincinnati Convention, when it declared:—"The Conference is not for legislative purposes, for it will have no authority to legislate. It is not for doctrinal controversies, for Methodism has no doctrinal differences. It is not for an attempt to harmonize the various polities and usages of the several branches of the one great Methodist family, for Methodism has always striven for unity rather than uniformity. It is not, in a word, for consolidation, but for co-operation. It is to devise such means for prosecuting our home and foreign work as will result in the greatest economy and efficiency, to promote fraternity, to increase the moral and evangelical power of a common Methodism, and to secure the more speedy conversion of the world."

### The Martyr President.

The world has never witnessed such a spectacle of universal sympathy for a single individual, suffering vicariously, as it were, for his country, as that of all Christendom for the President of the United States. The nearest approach to it was that for William the Silent, Prince of Orange, just three hundred years ago. The bullet of the would-be assassin passed through his neck, knocking out two of his teeth. It was impossible to staunch the wound except by relays of attendants compressing it with their fingers. In three weeks it healed, and in a month more the great Stadtholder was convalescent. But his noble-hearted wife died of the shock, and he himself, two years later, fell a victim to the bigot malice of Philip II.

But deep as was the sympathy throughout Protestant Christendom, that was then a limited area, and news travelled slowly; and many knew not of his peril till long after it was passed. Now the whole world may be said to have watched by the wounded President's bed, and in both hemispheres his symptoms were eagerly studied every day. Very beautiful was it in an age when we are told faith is lost and hope is dying, to see men everywhere, feeling that vain is the help of man, turn to God in prayer. Protestants and Catholics, Jews and Mahommedans, alike bear witness to the deep primal instinct of humanity, that not cold mechanic law rules the universe, but that a loving Father's ear listens to the cry of His needy children upon earth.

After the above lines were written

came the tragic news of the death of the distinguished sufferer. The present writer was in the city of Cincinnati on that fateful night, and it was marvellous how soon the sad tidings became known. About half-past ten the city bells began to toll, and in ten minutes probably scarce a soul in the city had not heard the sad fact. The newspaper offices were besieged with anxious crowds, all night long the bells tolled the doleful knell, and next day the city, which had been gay with flags and decorations in honour of a civic festival, was draped with weeds of woe. In traversing the entire breadth of the State, it was touching to notice, not merely the public buildings of the cities in mourning, but the little hamlets and wayside cottages bearing their humble emblems of woe. In Detroit, almost every house on the main streets was heavily draped, and the great bronze statue of America was shrouded in black—the symbol of the mourning nation. And this was but a type of the mourning that covered the land over its entire length and breadth; and throughout the civilized world the profoundest sympathy was manifested. Flags at half-mast and tolling bells symbolized the common sorrow of Christendom. And no message of condolence with the widow of the martyr President was more touching than the following from the heart of our own widowed Queen:—"Words cannot express the deep sympathy I feel with you at this terrible moment. May God support and comfort you as He alone can."

Sad and inscrutable as is this providence, doubtless great good to the nation and to the world will accrue therefrom. Garfield dead may be a mightier factor for good than Garfield living. Perhaps in his death the pernicious "spoils' system" may be destroyed. His noble example of Christian statesmanship will receive an undying emphasis. Of him, as of the good King Duncan, it may be said:—

> This man
> Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
> So clear in his great office, that his virtues
> Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
> The deep damnation of his taking off.

A new bond of sympathy has been created between all the members of the English-speaking race. Nothing so knits hearts together as a common sorrow. Those who have mingled their tears of grief over a common object, can surely never again become estranged. With reference to the strange providence of his own death, the words which the late President quoted on the death of Lincoln are the highest utterance of faith: "Clouds and darkness are round about Him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne."

As the nation bows beneath its sorrow, may it be brought nearer to God and to the ideal of Christian manhood, realized in the life and in the death of its beloved and honoured President.

## Death of the Rev. Dr. Taylor.

It was with a painful shock that the many friends of the Rev. Dr. Taylor learned the fact of his sudden death, on Sunday, the fourth of September. It seemed difficult to realize that the genial and generous Doctor, so well known throughout the length and breadth of Canada as the very embodiment of life and energy and active Christian zeal, was no more—that his eloquent tongue was silent forever—that his generous heart had ceased to beat. No man in Canadian Methodism was more widely known, or more warmly loved than Dr. Lachlin Taylor. There was a strange magnetism about his character that drew to him young and old, and those who knew him best were knit to him by bonds of strong indissoluble friendship. One cause of this was his utter unselfishness. He was one of the most generous-hearted men we ever knew. To serve the cause of God and of the Church which he loved so well, no effort was too great, no sacrifice or self-denial too severe. Often has he travelled many miles to anniversary and missionary meetings, and before the creation of the railway facilities we now enjoy, ex-

posed to bitter storms in open conveyances, and would not accept even his bare travelling expenses. Indeed his health suffered severely from these exposures, and we have known him to preach with unusual fire and fervour while suffering excruciating pain. No other man, we think, not even Dr. Punshon, has been the means of raising so much money for the extension of the work of God and dissemination of His Word; and yet he made it a principle when engaged in the service of the Church not to accept a single farthing for his valuable labours, beyond his none too liberal official salary. And his generous benefactions bore a larger proportion to his income than those of any man we ever knew.

Another secret of the strange fascination he exerted was his personal interest in every one he knew —and he knew almost every one. Every time he preached or lectured, old friends clustered around him, and he knew them all, and had a pleasant word for each. On train or steamboat, at railway stations or in the street, he was perpetually accosting some one, who thought that his name and face must have been long forgotten.

Dr. Taylor had travelled far and seen much. He was endowed with powers of keen observation and eloquent description. Few men in Canada could draw such large audiences to sermon or lecture, and fewer still could retain their absorbed attention for such a length of time. His favourite theme was the Holy Land, with which, by long study and personal travel, he was exceedingly well acquainted. His Celtic fire and fervour, his animated gestures, his strong Scottish accent, which he never lost, lent to these occasions a singular attraction. In private life he was a brilliant conversationalist, and he managed to impress each member of the company that he was especially addressing him.

The Doctor's vivacity of manner, and the sprightliness of his wit, disguised to a certain degree the graver aspects of his character, but there was a depth and earnestness in his piety of which only those who knew him intimately were aware. Dr. Taylor was one of the most powerful preachers we ever heard. In some of the more impassioned parts of his discourses his audiences were deeply stirred, and old-fashioned Methodist shouts of "Hallelujah!" and "Glory to God!" irrepressibly burst forth.

A fuller record of his life and labours, and of his last hours, we hope, will be hereafter presented. At the time of this writing we have no particulars except that he died of heart disease, at Brackley Point, near Charlottteown, Prince Edward Island. He was buried in the family burying-plot, near Cobourg. The following extract from a letter from Professor Burwash to Dr. Potts, will be read with interest :—

"When John (his nephew, John Burwash) reached him, he was not aware of his danger, and probably was somewhat in stupor. As John began to break the physician's prognosis, he asked, 'Do you think I am dying?' 'Yes.' 'Does the doctor think so?' 'Yes.' 'Then all is right!' He then tried to arrange a little business, but his power was gone. This is all that we know as yet. When I last saw him, we talked very closely of personal religion, and he assured me in very strong terms of his clear consciousness of the favour of God: 'I know that I have the Divine favour. I feel it. I cannot be mistaken.'"

### The Thomas Heresy.

During the century and a half of its history, Methodism has been remarkably free from cases of heresy —more so, we think, than any other Church. Of all its sadly numerous divisions, not one has taken place on account of differences of doctrine. Its many branches assembled at the Œcumenical Council are all one belief. And this is not because it is without any standard of doctrine. It has in the Articles of Religion, and Wesley's Notes and Sermons, a very clear and definite standard. The divergence of Dr. Thomas from these standards is

therefore all the more noticeable. It is the exceptional that always attracts attention. The stars in their courses move on age after age, and none take note of them; but if a comet flash athwart the sky all the world is agaze.

Dr. Thomas may be a gentleman of deep and earnest piety, but there can be no question that if the allegations made concerning his utterances be correct, he has used expressions with reference to fundamental doctrines of Methodism which more than warrant his arraignment before the constituted courts of the Church. While his case is pending, we shall not prejudge it. No man should be condemned unheard. But this we say, the Methodist Church would be recreant to her duty and to her responsibilities if she did not carefully guard the orthodoxy of her public ministrations. And this is not tyranny. This is not "heresy-hunting." This is the fulfillment of a sacred trust which she holds on behalf of the millions who look to her for religious instruction and guidance. This is no interference with personal liberty. Dr. Thomas has the fullest license to believe, preach, and publish whatever commends itself to his judgment and his conscience. But he has not the right to employ the vantage ground of an authorized and accredited minister of the Methodist Church, to teach views which are not in harmony with the doctrines of that Church. Whether they are in harmony or not is now the question before the Church courts.

### The Bush Fires.

Not since the disastrous Mirimichi fire, in 1825, has such a calamity swept over parts of rural Canada as during the last month. That great fire devastated a region sixty miles in length, and destroyed much property and a hundred and sixty lives, while hundreds were maimed for life. But the country was sparsely settled, and the loss of property was probably less than during our recent bush fires, in which, happily, the loss of life was comparatively slight. Not so, however, the calamity which befell our neighbours in the Michigan peninsula. It was soul-harrowing to read the accounts of the tragic loss of over a thousand lives by the most painful of all modes of death, and the impoverishment and suffering of thousands of survivors. The loss of property by the Chicago fire was, of course, immeasurably greater; but the loss of life was slight, and the personal suffering incomparably less. "The world," says Beecher, "could not afford to have done without the Chicago fire, so generous was the outburst of sympathy by which it was followed." Let us hope that no less generous will be, in the present sad calamity, the response to the needs of the burned-out settlers in our own country and in the neighbouring republic.

### The Late Edward Morrow.

In the death of the Rev. Edward Morrow, M.A., another esteemed minister of our Church has passed away. Brother Morrow was one of the most promising students and graduates of Victoria University. After his graduation he devoted himself to the work of the Christian ministry with a zeal and energy which impaired, and at length broke down, a constitution never very robust. In 1875 he was obliged by ill-health to take a superannuated relation. Removing to Winnipeg, he identified himself as far as his health permitted, with the interests of Methodism in that place. We learn that in death as in life, cherishing the welfare of the Church of his choice, he has bequeathed a beautiful site of ninety acres, in the neighbourhood of Winnipeg, for a college for the Methodism of the North-West. The memory of the just is blessed, and thus shall future generations learn to love and reverence his name.

### The Exhibitions.

During the last month Canada has been *en fete*. At Toronto, Halifax, Montreal, and London, great industrial and agricultural exhibitions have been held, any one of which

would have been far beyond the capabilities of the whole country a few years ago. Besides these, nearly a hundred and fifty local fairs have been held throughout the country, many of them of considerable importance. These fairs are a great system of popular education in art and industry. Their thousands of visitors return to their homes, having acquired many new ideas and having experienced the mental stimulus of travel, and sight-seeing, and observation of things novel and instructive. No country in the world, we think, has greater ground for congratulation on its material resources, the rapidity of its progress, and its general prosperity, than our own. May its moral and religious progress advance step by step with that in wealth and plenty.

## RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

### Wesleyan Methodist.

The late Conference at Liverpool was regarded as one of the best ever held. From first to last it was full of spiritual cheerfulness. Great hopes are entertained respecting the ensuing year. Rev. W. Arthur believes that this will be a glorious year. The conversations respecting the work of God which were held in both the Pastoral and the Representative Conference were perfectly delightful. They greatly surpassed the conversations of many former years. The net increase of members is four thousand five hundred and seventy-eight. There were more than five thousand deaths reported.

The Ordination charge by the ex-President, the Rev. E. E. Jenkins, M.A., was of the most unique kind, and consisted of two propositions: I. Your ministry is a ministry of rescue. II. Your ministry is a ministry of shelter and defence.

In consequence of the large number of young men who had completed their probation, two ordination services were held; the Rev. Dr. Pope delivered the charge at the second service, which was replete with sound instruction.

In connection with the four colleges, one hundred and seventy young men are being educated for the ministry, fifteen of whom have been accepted for the Foreign Missions.

The Representative Conference was held the week following the close of the Pastoral Conference. An equal number of ministers and laymen attended. The sessions were of the most harmonious kind. It was a gratifying sight to witness the large number of ministers' sons who were representatives. This Conference is largely occupied with financial matters. Reports were presented from the Home Mission Committee. The income was more than $168,000, being an increase of about $3,000. This fund, besides supporting Home Missions' proper, and supporting ministers who are labouring in the Army and Navy, greatly assists poor circuits, to the aid of which $50,000 had been granted the previous year.

A District Sustentation Fund is a comparative recent institution. The design is to bring the stipends of ministers up to the minimum of $750. Most of the Districts have adopted the fund. Each circuit receives a grant equal to the amount raised by local means. In this way, during seven years, nearly $168,000

have been donated to ministers to assist their stipends.

The Metropolitan Chapel Fund is doing a good work in London. During the past year eleven new places of worship had been erected. It was originally intended to build fifty churches in ten years, forty-one of which have been erected, and five others are in contemplation. The late Sir Frances Lycett, and the Rev. Gervase Smith, D.D., both laboured with great zeal in this department of Christian effort, and to them the success is to be largely attributed. Dr. Smith now retires from the Secretariat, and though he was present at the Representative Conference, he could not take any part in the proceedings. The population of London increases at the rate of 75,000 per year. Twenty years ago there were only 39,000 sittings in the Methodist Churches, now there are 95,000. Then there were only 51 ministers, now there are 106. Then there were about 30,000 worshippers, now there are 85,000.

The Schools' Fund, by which the Schools at Woodhouse Grove and Kingswood are sustained, has long been the occasion of serious embarrassment to the Conference. It has now been resolved to close the former and maintain only one school for the education of ministers' children.

The following are the educational statistics : In Westminster there were 114 students and in Southlands 108. At Christmas next about sixty vacancies would be created in the Westminster College, and fifty-four in the Southlands College. At the admission examinations, held during the first week in July last, 126 candidates were examined at Westminster, and 117 at Southlands. Day schools : Total number of schools, 847 ; boys in attendance, 67,215 ; girls, 55,451 ; infants, 56,720 ; total number of scholars, 179,386 ; evening scholars, 1,659. School pence, $468,660 ; government grants, $498,345 ; subscriptions and other sources of income, $133,300 ; spent on teaching staff, $863,265. There was a net decrease of two day-schools in the year.

The Sunday-school statistics were gratifying. The total number of schools is 6,426, an increase of 50 ; teachers and officers, 121,493, increase, 1,582 ; in society or on trial, 94,798, increase, 1,952 : scholars, 810,280, increase, 23,137 ; in society or on trial, 79,711, increase, 9,578 ; volumes in libraries, 758,512, increase, 14,219 ; Band of Hope, 1,968, increase 219 ; members, 191,841, increase, 25,429.

The Foreign Missions have always been regarded as the glory of Methodism. From the report presented, it appears that in Germany there is much opposition from the Lutheran clergy. The Medical Mission in China had been of immense service. In Italy, India, and Ceylon great advancement had been made. In South Africa steps have been taken to organize an affiliated Conference, which will be accomplished, it is hoped, in 1882. Fifty or sixty native men have been received on trial. They will work under the superintendency of the European missionaries, and will receive their support from the native churches. A similar Conference will probably be organized in the West Indies at no distant day. Retrenchment has been applied to every Mission, but no station has been abandoned and no missionary has been withdrawn. The lamentable feature in the report is the heavy debt of more than $190,000.

Mr. Arthington, of Leeds, who has been a liberal contributor to missions in Central Africa, has offered to give ten thousand dollars towards establishing a mission in that country to be called "the Punshon Memorial Mission," providing the young men of Methodism will raise forty thousand dollars, and thus create a fund of fifty thousand dollars. Would that such a project could be undertaken !

The Thanksgiving Fund has been a grand success, inasmuch as fifteen hundred and fifty thousand dollars have been subscribed, and more than twelve hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars has

been paid, and several more collections have yet to be taken. The result is certainly noble, and reflects great credit on the Wesleyan Methodist Connexion.

The Fernley Lecture, on "The Dogmatic Principle in Relation to Christian Belief," was delivered by the Rev. F. W. Macdonald, to a large congregation, on the Monday evening of the Representative Conference, and on another evening, a meeting was held for the Promotion of Holiness, which was a season of great spiritual power.

### The Australasian General Conference.

A protracted and very able discussion took place on the question of providing for a longer pastoral term in the city circuits, which resulted in the adoption of a resolution permitting the Annual Conferences to appoint a minister for seven, eight, or nine years to such circuits.

The New Zealand Conference desired to be set apart as an independent Conference, but the matter was deferred until 1884, to afford time for maturing some plan for the organization of such a Conference.

There are four Conferences in Australasia which meet annually, viz.: New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, and New Zealand. With the first the missions in the Friendly Islands, Samoa, Fiji, and New Britain are connected, and with New Zealand the Mission amongst the native Maoris, and a Scandinavin Mission are connected. The total number of attendants on public worship is 357,545. The Missions in the Friendly Islands are now self-sustaining.

### Methodist Episcopal Church.

Over seven hundred preachers were received into the itinerant ministry during the year 1880, an average of about two each day for the year.

Sxteen years ago, there were not more than twenty Methodist ministers in Kansas, now there are two Conferences of more than 150 ministers in each, with a membership in the State of at least thirty thousand persons.

The growth of the church among the Germans in America, since the conversion of William Nast, in 1835, has been very great. There are now eight Conferences, 43,124 members, and 641 churches. They are admirably trained in the grace of giving, for although most of them are poor, their missionary offerings average fifty-eight cents per member, which is much above the average.

The new Methodist Episcopal Hospital is making sure progress. Mr. Seney has paid $70,000 for the site in Brooklyn, on which an edifice is soon to be built, which will be for those who need its aid. Mr. Seney has given several thousands of dollars to various educational institutions, both North and South, and says, "My plans are all formed, and I know what to do with all I have to give, and ten times as much, if I had it."

### Methodist New Connexion.

In a review of the Chinese Mission, written by the Rev. J. Innocent, the founder of the mission, and entitled "Twenty Years and Now," there is an interesting account of the marvellous growth of the native churches, which now embrace 1,091 members, and 228 candidates for membership. At the end of the first year there was only one member, and at the end of five years twenty-four members. During these twenty years nine missionaries have been sent out; five of them are still in the field. From Tientsin on the north to the Yellow River on the south, and from the Grand Canal on the west to the sea coast on the east, the Gospel is regularly preached in about fifty-eight different places. Mr. Innocent considers these and other facts which he recapitulates, as reasons for gratitude to God, and still greater liberality in the support of the mission.

### Œcumenical Conference.

Of the delegates from the United States attending this Conference, which is now sitting in City Road

Chapel, London, fourteen are bishops, sixty-seven are Doctors of Divinity, and thirty-four are coloured.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

At Oxford House, Keewatin Territory, the Rev. E. Langford has set up a small printing establishment, and has actually begun to publish a newspaper, not a large affair, only one page, three inches by five. The little sheet contains various kinds of interesting news. By the aid of the Rev. O. German, Indian hymns have also been printed. The missionaries are endeavouring to supply a long-felt lack. One of them writes, "No people are more in need of literature."

Preparations are being made for the anniversary of the Missionary Society, which will be celebrated, it is to be hoped, on a grand scale, in the month of October, in Toronto. The Rev. George Douglas, LL.D., President of the General Conference, will preach the sermon before the Society, on Monday evening, October 24th.

Woodville Mission, Saskatchewan District, has not had a resident missionary for many years. Last year a teacher was sent, Mr. John Nelson, who writes under date May 23, 1881. He says: "The attendance at school would be much larger only that many children have not sufficient clothing for the cold weather. Not a few of them are half naked, and others are in a nude condition. He appeals for the cast-off clothing of Ontario boys and girls." The children are very apt and willing to learn. Their progress gives great satisfaction to the teacher. The people, though extremely poor, are very honest, hence, the teacher writes, that life and property are perfectly safe. The absence of a Missionary was improved by the Romish priests, whose visits were not conducive to the people's good. "The teacher has experienced many inconveniences, and not a few privations and losses, but he and his noble wife are not discouraged. God, who has safely brought us thus far, enables us to trust in Him, and we will look and trust for better days."

Rev C. M. Tate writes from Bella-Bella, British Columbia, June 9th, most encouragingly. The Missionary and his people are performing a vast amount of manual labour about the mission premises, and find it hard work to get out old stumps and dig up the roots. He is in great need of additional labourers, and at Balla Coola he has placed a native ageat in charge, and at two other places he has also been necessitated to appoint native teachers.

Rev. C. Watson and B. Chappell, B.A., have arrived in British Columbia, and preached at Victoria on the day of their arrival. A social was given to welcome the newly arrived Missionaries, which was numerously attended. It is to be hoped that a brighter day will now dawn upon our Misssions in British Columbia. The brethren expressed themselves as being greatly pleased with their reception.

The Bermuda *Gazette*, in noticing an entertainment held in the basement of the new Methodist Church, at Hamilton, says: "A large number of persons, probably not less than seven hundred, assembled in the course of the evening. We must congratulate the Methodist people of Bermuda on the fine edifice now nearly completed in Hamilton, which will be an ornament to our town, as well as a great credit to the denomination which it represents. In a few weeks this spacious church will be opened and dedicated for Divine service. A portion of the old church has already been negotiated for as a business place. The promoters of the above festival were rewarded by effecting sales of between £50 and £60."

A DISTINGUISHED CONVERT.

A telegram from Venice says Count Henrico Campello, archpriest of the Basilica of St. Peter in Rome, who has publicly abjured Catholicism and entered the little Methodist Church in the Plaza Poli, read a discourse embodying his various reasons, conspicuous among which were his objections to a Church

which prevented a man from expressing sentiments towards his country and government which a patriot should cherish. The high position, social and ecclesiastical, of Count Campello, causes his abjuration to produce an immense sensation in Catholic circles. Who knows but that the Pope himself may become a Methodist yet.

ITEMS.

A member of the Methodist Episcopal Church South Mission, in Lula, Mexico, was recently stoned to death by Catholics. A few days ago the Presbyterian Mission received information of the murder of one of their men in the State of Guerrero. He was shot in the street, pierced through with swords and knives, beaten with clubs, and pelted with stones.

Not long since a notable meeting was held in Tokio, Japan, in the interest of Christianity, at which some 3,500 persons were reported to have been present. A similar meeting was held at Asakar, on June 11th, and it is estimated that not less than 7,000 persons were in attendance. Three missionaries and fifteen Japanese speakers addressed the meeting, which occupied the morning and evening. It is said that 200 Pagan priests were in the audience.

There seems to be a perpetual Pentecost in the American Baptist Telugu Mission. The Rev. J. E. Clough, writing from Ongole, says, that in a six weeks' tour this spring, he visited fifty-two villages and baptized one thousand and three persons.

A rich merchant in St. Petersburg, at his own cost, supported a number of native missionaries in India. He was asked one day how he could do it. He replied : " When I served the world I did it on a grand scale and at princely expense, and when, by His grace, God called me out of darkness, I resolved Christ should have more than the world had had. But if you would know how I can give so much you must ask of God who enables me to give it. At my conversion I told the Lord his cause should have a part of all my business brought me, and every year since I made that promise it has brought me in more than double what it did the year before, so that I can and do double my gifts in his cause. Bunyan said :

" A man there was some called him mad
The more he cast away, the more he had."

He that giveth let him do it with simplicity, is the instruction of Paul. The simplest way to give money, it seems to us, is to put your hand in your pocket and take it out. The education of indirect giving, while not in itself sinful, is an entirely wrong direction. The world *owes* Christianity all the money she needs.

The Cherokee *Advocate* says there are 154 Baptist Churches in the Indian Nation, in a population of about 60,000. This is one church to less than four hundred people.

It is reported that there are in Great Britain 355 Baptist preachers who were trained in Mr. Spurgeon's Pastors' College. During the last twenty-five years, 43,336 persons were received by baptism into churches whose pastors came from this college.

A Martyr's Memorial Church has been built on the Island of Erromanga in the South Pacific, to commemorate the murdered missionaries, John Williams, Harris, the brothers Gordon, Ellen Powell Gordon, and James Macnair. Three sons of the murderer of Williams were present, and one took part in prayer.

The power of Christian character shining through the life of a Christian man is strikingly illustrated in the following incident : An Afghan once spent an hour in company with Dr. William Marsh, of England. When he heard that Dr. Marsh was dead he said : His religion shall now be my religion, his God shall now be my God, for I must go where he is and see his face again.

# BOOK NOTICES.

*The Old Testament in the Jewish Church.—Twelve Lectures on Biblical Criticism.* By W. ROBERTSON SMITH, M.A. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Seaside Library Edition. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, 20 cents.

The articles of Professor Smith on Biblical subjects in the Encyclopædia Britannica, the recent volumes of "Scotch Sermons," and these lectures, delivered this year before crowded houses in Glasgow and Edinburgh, show the extraordinary drift away from traditional orthodoxy of certain members of the church of Knox, long the bulwark of religious conservatism. Every page of these lectures bears evidence of the profound and varied scholarship of the learned Professor, of his devout spirit and of the literary charm of his style. Much that he says cannot, of course, be gainsaid, and is universally admitted by biblical scholars. Some things which are not thus admitted, are matters on which opinions will differ, and which cannot, in the nature of things, be considered as proved or disproved. But several of his conclusions seem to us quite paradoxical and untrustworthy, not to say impossible. The account of the formation of the canon of Scripture, and the analysis of the Psalter, contain many admirable and instructive passages. But his strange theory that the Pentateuch, with the exception of the moral law, is the creation of the times of Ezra, we regard as directly opposed to most positive internal evidence, and equally opposed to the most carefully formed opinion of many biblical critics of learning as profound as that of Professor Smith, and of judgment far more mature and trustworthy. The predominance of Egyptian ideas in the Book of Exodus, and the local colouring and perfect veri-similitude to ancient life which they present, would be impossible in a compilation so late as the time of Ezra. The existence of the Elohistic and Jehovistic elements in the Pentateuchal narrative, upon which so much stress is laid, presents no difficulty to the theory that pre-existing documents, or oral tradition, were employed by Moses in writing his inspired history of the creation and deluge, and of the Abrahamic family and house of Israel.

We do not see that Professor Smith's theories, even if proven, would necessitate any important theological changes; but we are emphatically of the opinion that the difficulties in the way of accepting those theories are incomparably greater than the alleged difficulties which he thereby attempts to remove.

*The Wesley Memorial Volume; or, Wesley and the Methodist Movement Judged by nearly a Hundred and Fifty Writers Living or Dead.* Edited by the Rev. J. O. CLARK, D.D., L.L.D. 8vo. pp. 743, illustrated. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax Price, $5.

This memorial volume is a very timely issue in this year of Œcumenical Conference. It is the most many-sided presentation of that marvellous movement called Methodism with which we are acquainted. The origin of the book was on this wise: the Rev. Dr. Clark, its editor, was pastor of a Methodist church in Savannah, Georgia, the only city in the new world in which Wesley had a home. A Wesley memorial church in Savannah was begun. (Of this elegant church we gave an engraving in a former number of this Magazine). Dr. Clark proposed also to erect in this book a monument more enduring than marble. The result is the goodly volume before us, the net proceeds of which will be exclusively

devoted to the completion of the memorial church.

In his appeals for contributions he had met with most cordial responses. Among the more notable contributions are the poem and the article on Wesley and his literature, by Dr. Punshon; Wesley and the Church of England, by Dr. Rigg; Wesley as a Revivalist, by our own Dr. Douglas; Methodist Doctrine, by Dr. Pope; Wesley and the Coloured Race, by a coloured Bishop: Wesley as an Educator, by the late Bishop Haven; Wesley Judged by Pressensé; John Wesley and his Mother, by Dr. Potts of Toronto; Wesley's Liberality and Catholicity, and another paper by Dean Stanley; Wesleyan Lyric Poetry, by Abel Stevens; Wesleyan Hymn Music, a grand-daughter of Charles Wesley; Wesley and Asbury, by Dr. Lumms; Wesley's Death and Character, by Luke Tyerman; and several other essays by writers who have made the subjects of which they treat a special study. Dr. Clark has himself contributed some of the most valuable sections, and by his admirable editing has besides brought into one volume the judgment of over a hundred distinguished writers and critics of every school of thought, of the Wesleys and the great movement which they inaugurated. The Canadian contributions to the volume—those of Dr. Douglas and Dr. Potts—will compare favourably with any of the others, and have won high commendation from American reviewers. There are in all thirty-six essays by masters of their subjects. Almost every existing branch of Methodism is here represented, also several writers in the Church of England, and among the Non-conformist churches. It was a beautiful thought to have them all bring their tribute and lay their wreath on the grave of one of the greatest religious leaders the world has ever seen.

*The Mosaic Era: a series of Lectures on Exodus, Levitticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy.* By JOHN MONRO GIBSON, M. A., D. D. New York: Randolph & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, $1.75.

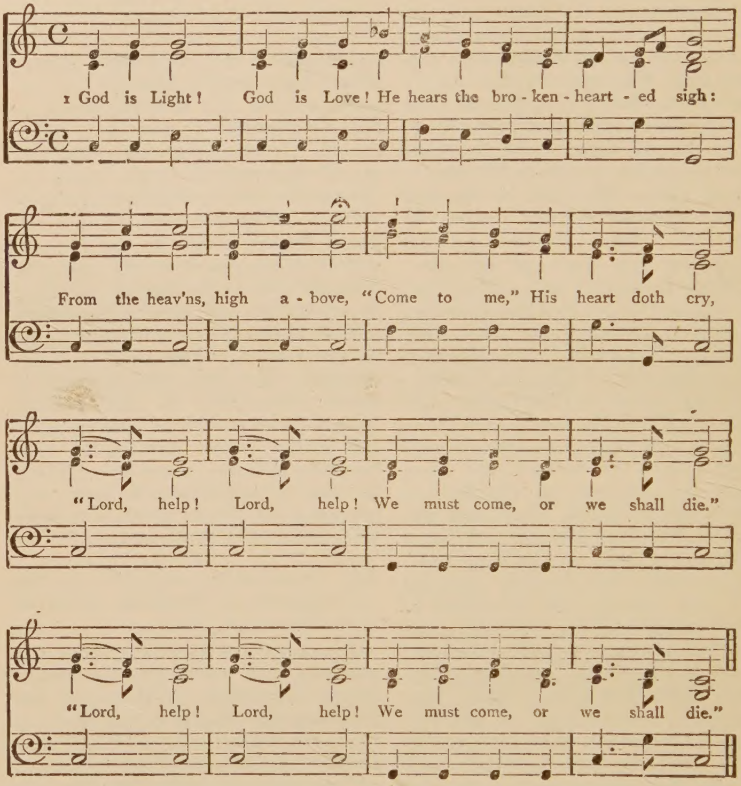
All readers of Dr. Gibson's admirable "Ages before Moses," will be glad to have this volume, which is the complement to that just mentioned. It is characterized by the same clearness of style, force of illustration and soundness of exposition. While guarding against undue "spiritualizing" of the Mosaic ritual, he yet clearly points out how the Law was a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ, and how it illustrates and enforces many of the teachings of the Gospel. The book has additional value from the fact that it treats the topics of the Sunday School Lessons for the latter part of the current year. We regard this book as in some sense an antidote to what we consider the erroneous teaching of Prof. Smith's recent work noticed in this number.

*The Rosy Cross; or, Christ in the Catacombs.* A Poem by MORTON W. SPENCER, M.A.

In a series of graphic cantos, the author of this poem, gives a picture of the Catacombs of Rome, of the fiery days of Pagan persecution, of the heroic faith and patience, and the fierce trials and sublime triumphs of the early Christian martyrs A personal and narrative interest is given to the poem by incorporating the story of Claudia, a British princess, identified as the Christian matron mentioned in II. Tim. iv., 22. The poem, we were informed by the accomplished author, is based upon the volume on the Catacombs of Rome, by the present writer, an honour which we highly appreciate. It is also illustrated by several engravings from that work.

All business communications with reference to this Magazine should be addressed to the Rev. W. BRIGGS, and all literary communications or contributions to the Rev. W. H. WITHROW, M.A., Toronto.

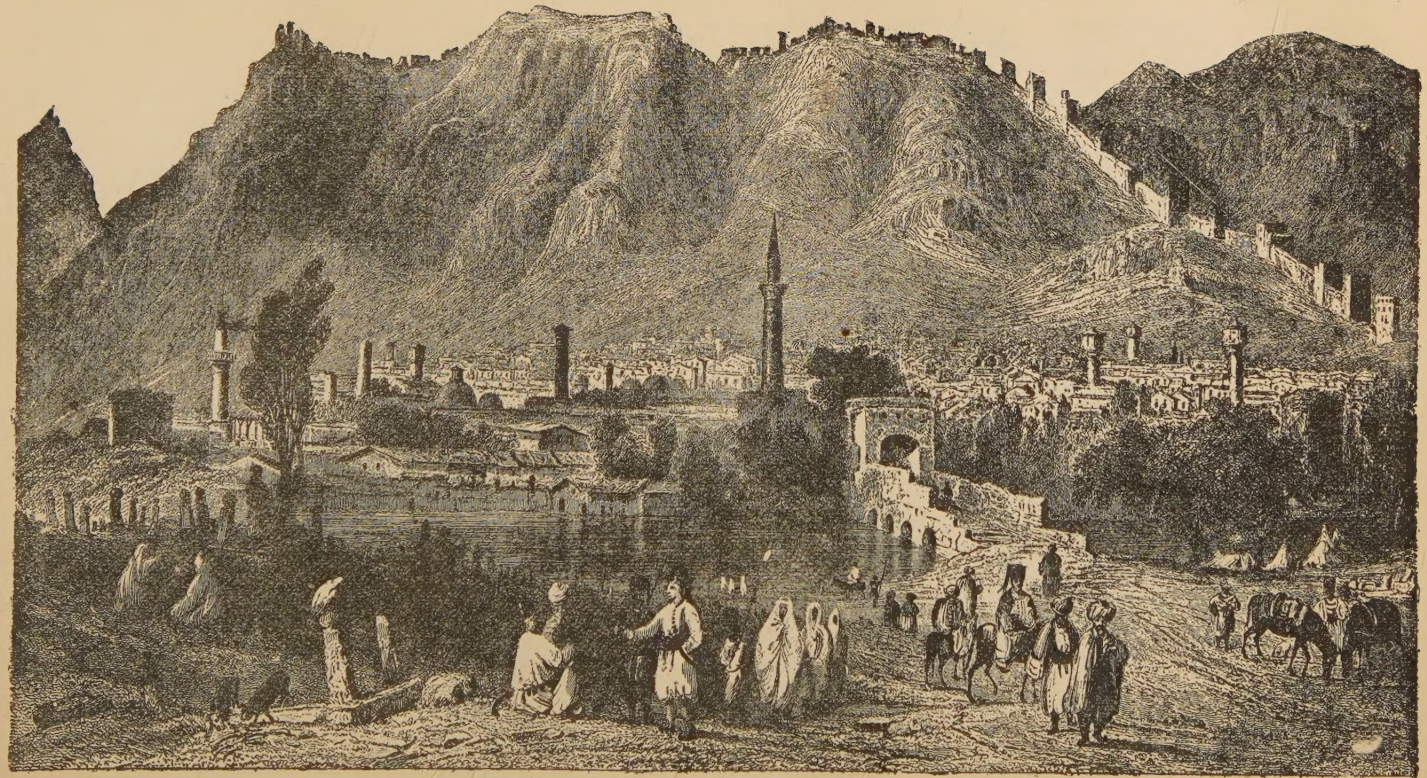
# WAILING.

ANCIENT HEBREW MELODY. T. BOWMAN STEPHENSON.

1 God is Light! God is Love! He hears the bro - ken - heart - ed sigh:
From the heav'ns, high a - bove, "Come to me," His heart doth cry,
"Lord, help! Lord, help! We must come, or we shall die."
"Lord, help! Lord, help! We must come, or we shall die."

2 Christ is given! Christ is come!
He stoops to earth from yonder throne;
Cries the Cross, of His doom,
"Come to me, for I atone."
"Jesus, help!
Jesus help!
Wash and make me thus Thine own.

3 "Comforter, Holy Ghost,
Sent by the risen King Divine,
Now repeat Pentecost,
In this waiting heart of mine;
Lord of Life,
Lord of Life,
Fill with light and love Thy shrine.

4 "Crimson blood! on the tree,
'Tis pour'd out for my crimson sins;
To redeem even me,
Life by death my Saviour wins
I believe,
I believe,
Life eternal now begins.



CITY OF ANTIOCH.